

COUNTRY LIFE



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COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE

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NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES

BEING human we feel at once a little proud and a little sore to behold the unparalleled array of estate advertisements in this our Summer Number. A survey creates an impression of a general exodus from the stately homes of England. Peer and squire, knight and lady, are forsaking the halls, gardens and grounds which, in many cases, were built or laid out centuries ago and bear traces of the loving care bestowed on them by a long succession of owners. How often has one heard in going round that "My ancestor, the great traveller, brought this from Japan"; "It was the Speaker who planted that grove of oaks"; "These gardens were originally laid out in the days of Queen Bess." We are not so advanced, or so Bolshevik, if you will, as to feel no regret that these ancient

associations should be shattered. Place and family seem eternally joined together, and the severance of old ties is painful. To read the advertisements, or the summary of them prepared by our estate correspondent, is to recognise that there must be very powerful reasons for taking so distasteful a step.

No doubt each vendor could give his own peculiar grounds of action, and it is therefore not altogether safe to draw a broad generalisation. Yet, when a large and influential class moves in a given direction, it is certain that there must be some common impetus which is worth noting. Generally speaking, when a great many reasons are given they are like the fifteen excuses brought forward by a man for not shooting, the sixteenth being that he had no powder. So a great many alleged explanations may be discounted while we search for the one that corresponds with the gunner's lack of powder. It is probably to be found in the social upheaval which is following the war. To a great extent it is a false alarm. There has always been a considerable amount of threatening talk in England, which boasts of the liberty it gives to expression of thought. After the French Revolution dire were the threats and many were the steps made by extremists to oust the mighty from their seats and exalt those who were of low degree. But every scheme of the kind was foiled by the common-sense and moderation of the majority, though that did not prevent a feeling of uneasiness on the part of those in possession. So it is to-day. People with what they call advanced ideas go about declaiming against property and talk as though they meant to oust the rich and nationalise everything. A considerable proportion of those who are getting rid of their property are evidently taking these threats seriously. They anticipate that as the Labour Party becomes stronger, its attacks on land will increase in virulence, and that consequently possession of land will be odious. Prudence steps in, too, and shows that the present is an excellent time at which to get rid of property. Alarm is largely confined to the comparatively small class of owners. It has not penetrated the intelligence of that very considerable crowd of men who have amassed fortunes during the war; hence they are ready to buy and give good prices.

Then the Chancellor of the Exchequer is doing his little bit to make the ownership of land unfavourable. The expense of merely owning an estate grows annually. It is a concrete object of wealth, and therefore subject to all the tributes in the shape of rates, taxes, income tax and tithe which can be heaped upon it, and this is to say nothing of the final act of spoliation, the costly Death Duties. Further, the cost of repairs and mortgage interest have increased and are increasing to such an alarming extent that he may not in all instances have the wealth to keep the place going. The landowner during the war has been very hardly treated. Everybody else connected with land has had a chance of improving his position, while he has been compelled to go backward. Nor is the future free from the cloud of apprehension. The farmers are making very good use of the advantage they enjoy in being the class which provides food for the people. They are applying their strength for the purpose of exacting better terms from the landlord and giving less themselves. At present they are agitating for a greater security of tenure, and particularly for exemption from any notice to quit when land changes hands. Further, they are agitating for security of tenure without binding themselves to give more than the usual notice to quit. Landowners, again, have been disheartened, not to say cowed, by the obloquy heaped upon them by agitators. They have got it into their heads that they are not popular with the majority and will not be listened to. Many are as frightened as mice. This seems to be what we may call the sixteenth reason for selling, though others could be supplied in abundance.

Our Frontispiece

THE frontispiece to this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE is a portrait of Lady Diana Cooper, whose marriage to Mr. Alfred Duff Cooper, D.S.O., late Grenadier Guards, son of Lady Agnes Cooper and the late Sir Alfred Cooper, took place on June 2nd. Lady Diana Cooper is the third daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland.

* * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.

COUNTRY NOTES



IT is rapidly being recognised that the Prince of Wales is the man of the hour. Scarcely a day passes without his presence at some important function being recorded, and in what he says there is a tact and force which is rapidly winning for him the position of a great leader. He offers a very interesting study of the typical soldier who went to the war as an unformed lad and returned from it with a well defined and forcible character. Many thousands of young officers have done the like, and that is why we describe him as typical. The change is more important in his case because, from his position, his example and his words are bound to exert very great influence. The country will note with approval that while he takes a hopeful and courageous view of the national outlook he is by no means a professional optimist, but perceives as clearly as he does the rising sun the cloud that under favourable conditions may develop into a storm. There was an undertone of warning in his speech in the City which showed that he takes a characteristically English and sober view of the difficulties that have to be met and surmounted. To readers of this journal the character of His Royal Highness makes a special appeal. His love of sport and the open air, his interest in housing and social conditions form a bond between them. He is to be at the Cornwall County Show, and afterwards has promised to be present at the show of the R.A.S.E. at Cardiff.

AMONG the many communications concerning the summary of the financial results of the Methwold reclamation which appeared in last week's issue, one of the most interesting is incorporated in a letter from one of the signatories to the manifesto in regard to light land in Norfolk, of which we gave a *résumé* in the preceding week. After declaring that the statement requires long and repeated study, the writer goes on to say (and his words are well worth pondering): "It is evident the cost of production has doubled. I have been over there every year, and my impression is that the intensive brain cultivation shown by the realities of the results is the dominant factor. The professor's wit is not expended on a few applications of manures; he is attentive to every detail, extremely economical and versatile—see the buildings put up with effective walls of bracken or corrugated iron. I went one day when spraying of potatoes was going on. Where the farmer would have bought a Strawsoniser he had rigged up a tub in a tumbrel and put together his iron piping and taps. He is most economical. It is a great public service to publish this balance sheet, and if the Light Land Report has had an influence in extracting it, it is thereby justified. I am interested in seeing about half the gain is derived from £1,773, the crop of four years on 36 acres of peas. In this case I believe the professor's skill in marketing is a considerable factor. A number of girls were constantly grading the peas. . . . The professor is no head of an office only. He has a long day out in the big one-field farm where his eye can sweep every worker, so he can dispense with any head man and his expenses. I imagine his is more by a lot than an eight-hour day."

SURELY this is an extraordinarily high compliment to Dr. Edwards. It shows him to be what we have always held, that, working only for the public good he exerts himself as much as though the results were to go into his private pocket. But is not his economy and resourcefulness full of instruction to the farmer floundering in an attempt to make both ends meet? In one respect he knows that saving is bad economy. As our correspondent says, the cost of production has doubled. But one cannot help repeating the command, "Go ye and do likewise," when we read of Dr. Edwards putting up effective walls of bracken and corrugated iron to save expense, and, rather than buy a Strawsoniser, putting a sprayer together from the material at hand. A Government official in the same position, even a Government official of integrity and high character, would have declared that expensive buildings and the best Strawsoniser were essential. The doctrine of Dr. Edwards is that you must creep before you go. He is the last to under rate the value of first-rate outbuildings and first-rate machinery, but he bides his time till he can pay for them out of profits.

IN our Correspondence Columns there is a letter from Mr. S. F. Edge which ought to be read in connection with this comment. Mr. Edge is a business man who applies to farming the principles he found to work so well in the motor industry. He has bought land and turned it to account, yet has not followed the precept so dear to English farmers that the best land is always the cheapest. His acquisitions have mostly been of inferior land, and in the very interesting account of the methods by which success has been attained he lays great emphasis on the need of bringing abundance of capital. Instead of the traditional £10 an acre as working capital he says £20 an acre is the minimum on which it is safe to start, and on much land £50 an acre is not too much to put into live and dead stock and general tillage. His experience has been on a weald clay farm, "generally admitted, or shall I say considered, the most difficult to make money on." But with drainage, deep cultivation, plenty of beasts to make farmyard manure for the arable, he has achieved his ambition. Farmers will stare at his statement that such land requires eighty tons to the acre in two instalments before it grows crops that will stand present-day wages. But he triumphantly records that the results are grand. "Twelve sacks of wheat to the acre can be looked for with confidence two years out of three." The details must be read in his letter. They show that he relies on the policy which we have preached incessantly from the beginning of the war—increased production, "which," he says, "on my clay farms is some twelve times the money value per year per acre compared with what my tenants used to produce." It is not only on clay that he specialises, but on chalk hills as well.

IN JUNE.

The mid-May songs are over,
The hawthorn blossoms fall,
But lover walks with lover
Unmindful of them all.

It is the moon of roses
When many joys are born,
But yonder bower encloses
No rose without its thorn.

June waits for fair to-morrow
And on her path Love goes,
Nor sees the wraith of Sorrow
That drifts behind the rose.

MABEL LEIGH.

IT is not difficult to draw the moral. Agriculture has been spoon-fed during the war and its practitioners have lost a great deal of their independence. They feel there is something wrong and are not very well able to devise what it is. In a vague way they attribute their difficulties largely to control. But the point of Mr. Edge's letter is that they can surmount the difficulties and win their way to financial triumph by putting more energy into the farm. For that is what it comes to. The energy may be crystallised in money; it may take the shape of applying larger quantities of manure; it may be the energy of mechanical appliances but it is energy all the same. Mr. Edge has worked no miracle. What he has done on the weald clay and Sussex Down can be accomplished anywhere, just as the success of Dr. Edwards

in bringing an immemorial rabbit warren into a food-producing condition can be repeated wherever the original conditions are similar. It is a mistake to think that the Board of Agriculture can do this. The Board of Agriculture can remove artificial obstacles, can educate and advise; but, in the end, what the farmer has to depend upon is his own intelligence and industry.

IT might sound ungracious to criticise the farewell speech made by Lord Ernle at Maidstone when he announced his intention of resigning the position of President of the Board of Agriculture. Mr. Prothero—and he will be known as Mr. Prothero whenever the war is mentioned—did excellent work at a time when England needed it. He was industrious, tactful, courteous, and carried the country through very great difficulties in a manner for which he deserves gratitude. But in that period he had not to do with an abiding agricultural policy, rather with temporary measures rendered necessary by the exigencies of war. But these arrangements cannot possibly be permanent. Is it thinkable that we should go on maintaining agriculture in times of peace on the artificial basis created during the war? Is it right? Mr. McCurdy stated in the House of Commons recently that we are still paying £47,000,000 a year for the purpose of giving the public a loaf at a cheap rate! He said that on every quarter loaf sold at 9d. the State lost 3d. The sum of £47,000,000 was paid to the millers to compensate them by maintaining the price of flour at a rate which would admit of bakers producing a 9d. loaf. In addition the Government assumed liability between the maximum prices of wheat current in November, 1918, and whatever might be the market price in 1919-1920. That was the method of dealing with American competition, but is it part of a settled policy? The vastly increased minimum wages paid to the labourer are also artificial, so that the whole economic structure of agriculture rests on a system of props which can have no enduring quality.

SIR ARTHUR GRIFFITH BOSCAWEN on Saturday last received a deputation from the Worcestershire Farmers' Union. Their grievance is that their security of tenure has been shaken by the recent sales of estates. In many cases the tenant has been confronted with the alternative of either buying or giving up his farm. The Parliamentary Secretary had not much comfort to give beyond the suggestion that Dora, now in the early stages of dissolution, should be called in to give an Order in Council to prohibit the giving of notice to tenants. The importance of his speech did not lie in that, but rather in his incidental remark that the Board of Agriculture is at present being reconstituted. He made no reference to the introduction of a Bill to reform it out of existence, yet there is such a measure printed and presented to the House. Its idea is to do away altogether with the present Board of Agriculture and create a Ministry of Agriculture. It is an interesting proposal, although we cannot see that very promising results are to be obtained from calling the Board of Agriculture an Agricultural Board, which is one of the proposed changes to be noted in the Bill. We hope, nevertheless, that it will be taken as a text for a thorough discussion in the House of Commons. The reconstitution from within to which Sir A. Griffith Boscawen refers does not inspire implicit faith in the result.

WE publish this week the first of two articles by James Braid on beginning golf again. Those who had to stay at home during the last four years have probably played golf very little more than those who went abroad. The play of both is very nearly as rusty as their clubs, and they will be glad to have it polished by a master. Many will, perhaps, be more grateful to Braid for two of his general opinions than any particular advice, however valuable. He declares that in 1914, when golf practically stopped short, the general inclination was towards making courses too long. Braid is a careful Scotsman, not given to rash statements, nor can anyone allege that he has selfish reasons for preferring forward tees, since, though he is nearing fifty, his driving is as long and slashing as ever it was. His opinion is bound to command respect and may bring some practical relief to him whom we may call the golfer in the street. This average golfer is, on the whole, a very long suffering creature. Though, in point of aggregate subscriptions, he pays the piper, he scarcely ever insists on calling the tune and is content to attempt strokes too long or too arduous for him in order that the course may be praised as a fine test of the game. He deserves, now and then, a little consideration.

IN this matter of beginning a game again, whether it be golf or cricket or lawn tennis, many people will probably have been agreeably surprised to find how quickly their old skill, whatever its precise degree, has come back to them. The strangeness wears off; that mysterious something called "touch" soon returns. Some game-players must naturally require more practice than others, and those come back most quickly to their old form who have the gift of style. "Style" is an imposing word, but in this connection it does not, as a rule, mean anything much more recondite than a sound and simple method of hitting a ball, whether moving or stationary. Given this correct foundation, a man can and will play well, though half paralysed with nervousness, and similarly he can often step on to the field and do himself full justice after a long absence from the game. Mr. W. H. Patterson, the Kentish cricketer, is one obvious example that comes to mind. Every summer he would come into the county eleven late in the year and play at once as if he had been doing nothing else for months. An eloquent piece of evidence, if any were needed, that it is worth trying to learn to do things in the right way.

PHILOMEL AND PROCNE.

Philomel the nightingale
Singing in the sycamore,
Tells the oft repeated tale,
Fills the moonlight with her lore—
Ancient love, ancient pain,
"Little Sister, come again!"

Procne, dressed in white and black—
Swallow in our sunny eaves,
Plaintively she twitters back
For her sister of the leaves,
Twitters low, twitters plain,
"Little Sister, come again!"

Foolish little sisters two
Seeking each the other one,
Philomel, by dark and dew,
Procne, by the light of sun;
Thus the twain, never fain,
Make their world-old plaint in vain—
"Little Sister, come again!"

P. R. CHALMERS.

MR. ASQUITH, himself a master of terse and pregnant oratory, has been discoursing on poetic style and trying to define it. But is that possible? Style is magic, and escapes the world's dull finger. It is the gleam of which Tennyson sang, and that which to Wordsworth was "the light that never was on sea or land," and to Shakespeare "the setting sun and music at the close." Mr. Asquith enjoys the glory of it in Milton, and has found it in Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, "Shelley himself"—what a question for a literary examination: "Explain the force of 'himself' in this context"! And Keats and Tennyson "carried aloft the torch." But in vain does he look for it in "the outpourings of the contemporary muse." Poets of to-day, poets of the bookshop—the phrase suggests a very tame Pegasus stalled behind the counter—show a fine disorder in the dress which is often "almost arrogant," but they fail to penetrate within that veil which separates the versifier from the august masters of style. There they drink and eat stuff that cannot be "put in with a spoon," can neither be bought nor borrowed, but is Nature's own gift to her elect.

IT is said that the fame of the histrion is writ in water, as poor Keats said of his own. Actors and actresses of the past come down to us only as names and nothing else. Mrs. Siddons was one of the few exceptions to the general rule. Her appearance is as familiar to us to-day as is that of any contemporary actress, and the chief reason for this is that she had the good fortune to be painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds as "The Tragic Muse." The picture became a treasure of the Grosvenor family, and the liveliest interest is felt in the Duke of Westminster's decision to sell it at Christie's in July. It was first sold for 800 guineas to M. de Colonne, the Financial Minister of Louis XVI. When his Administration proved a failure he fled to London, in 1787, and his collection was sold in 1795. Mr. William Smith, M.P., of Norwich, bought "The Tragic Muse" for £320. From him Mr. Watson Taylor bought it for about £900, and at his sale in 1823 Earl Grosvenor acquired it for 1,750 guineas.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AS LANDOWNER

FOR some little time after the publication of this number the immediate Heir, without losing his identity as Prince of Wales, will figure largely before the public as the Duke of Cornwall. Among the many responsibilities to which he has been called after the war, that of a great landed proprietor is by no means

the least important. It is chiefly in this capacity that he is regarded in the Duchy of Cornwall. On June 10th the Prince will attend the opening of the County Agricultural Show, resumed after the closure necessitated by the war, and in the course of the ensuing few days he will receive the Freedom of Plymouth and attend civil functions in that imperial

centre. It was, therefore, with a consciousness that fresh interest was being felt in the popular Prince that one paid a visit to the Duchy in the glorious month of May. The Dartmoor scenery which lies round Princetown varies more than most with conditions of season and weather, and it has a charm in May of peculiar freshness and beauty. It would be rash to predicate that this attains its climax of loveliness then, because there are many who love better the autumn tints of the trees and the bloom of the heather. Princetown itself stands too high to feel the earliest impulse of spring; and the wild free country round it, swept as it is by wind and storm, retains a memory of the sternness of winter long after the Devon valleys and lanes are in the full pageant of their

beauty. But still, even the hills had something of the freshness of spring among them, and wherever there is a little shelter flowers and herbage had advanced with the suddenness of Siberia, where winter passes into spring at a bound. We can imagine nothing prettier, for instance, than a little run of the Dart just as it approaches the farmhouse at Fernworthy.

It is a curious little stream up which the salmon penetrate incredible distances. One was taken in a rillet of water running through the farmyard this year. It had apparently made its way up all that distance and had mistaken the temporary stream made by the rain for the main current. But on the day I was there the Dart was rip-

pling down its stony bed with the sweetness and sound of a Highland burn, while the gorse bushes flowering on each side added a rich gold to the blue of the sky reflected in every pool. Nothing could be more charming. We had motored up a little past Postbridge and then walked for several miles across the moor, touching as we went the great moor, 60,000 acres in extent, on which the natives run their ponies, and so through the wildest country to a little farmhouse belonging to a property recently acquired by the Duchy. The place was burned down a few years ago and rebuilt. A stone window, the door and some outbuildings remain to mark the contrast with the taste which was devoted even to the house of a yeoman



THE EAST DART TWO MILES FROM ITS SOURCE.



THE MILL WHERE WOLFRAM IS STAMPED OR CRUSHED.



THE AERIAL RAILWAY.

This brings down in regular procession from the mine, three miles away, the great buckets full of rock. The force so generated is sufficient, when supplemented by a comparatively small engine, to return the empties.



DUCHY PONIES ON DARTMOOR.

of the Tudor period with the extraordinary commonness of our own Victorian age. The chief aim in going there, apart from the joy of tramping the hills, was to see the healthy and vigorous nursery which has been established. It made one realise what the countryside may be like in the course of years. For what agriculture urgently needs is protection from the wind. "No weather is bad when the wind is still," says an old English proverb, and, at any rate in these high altitudes, it would be very difficult to grow satisfactory crops until the sheltered belts are planted and grown up.

Agriculture is the chief, but by no means the only, occupation of the inhabitants. The old Cornish toast, "Fish, tin and copper," with some little change might be easily applied to the Duchy. The reference was, of course, largely to pilchards, which are a peculiar product of the adjacent seas, though mackerel and herring are taken in considerable numbers. The most recent development in the waters of the Duchy is the cultivation of the oyster. The supply never seems to be able to get up to the demand, although millions are produced now, and they are improving in fatness yearly. It is impossible that they could be better in flavour than they are.

It is proposed to cultivate lobsters also in the immediate future, which all means increased prosperity to the Duchy. Tin is still a great mining industry, but wolfram for making tungsten is more interesting. The mines are worked on Kit Hill, on the Cornish side of the River Tamar, the beautiful river which divides Cornwall from Devonshire. It is beloved of anglers, and in addition to trout a considerable number of salmon are caught in it yearly. When we wrote

of this before the aerial railway for conveying the rock containing minerals from the excavations at Kit Hill to the stamping machinery on the bank of the river was not completed; now there is a chance of seeing it working. It comes a distance of three miles, and the great buckets containing the rock come down in regular procession, generating as they do so a great deal of the force which carries the empties back. Only a comparatively small engine is needed to supplement it. This goes on continually. The extraction of the valuable metals is in full swing, first the pounding of the rock into dust by the immense steam hammers, and then the ingenious separation of the various metals by the aid of water. The principle, of course, is that the tiny streams on the water tables carry off the comparatively light sand and deposit the useful metals in the order of their weight. It is all very interesting to watch, and made one think of the almost prehistoric miners who in the morning days of the world worked at their tin and abhorred the sight of wolfram—which, indeed, they named because they considered it "wolfed" or destroyed their work. Many evidences of their primitive methods for splitting the rocks by the agencies of fire and water can yet be traced.

But it is in agriculture that the most important work is being done. It would get on faster if more men were available, but the outcry from every kind of employer is the difficulty of finding sufficient labour. On the reclamation which is going on satisfactorily near Princetown the conscientious objectors worked for some time, or rather made a pretence of doing so. How tired the native population was of them was evidenced in the enthusiasm with which



SHORTHORN HEIFERS UNDER THE APPLE TREES.

they welcomed back the convicts. What these hardened perverts from order said or thought about the hurraing crowd which followed from the station to the prison would be interesting to know. The exhibition, at any rate, must have been amazing to the convicts. In reality it was a strong demonstration against the conscientious objectors, who had made themselves an utter nuisance. It is but fair to add that a few of them showed a conscientious willingness to work. They would say: "It is against my principles to fight for my country, but I will do my best with my hands." Those who did so were few and far between, and, unfortunately, the Government, very much in need of labour, pounced down on the best of them and sent them to other parts of the country. Thus it was rather the dregs who remained. It was all very unfortunate for the reclamation, because the change was made suddenly, just in the middle of spring cultivation, and, as the manager remarked, "Bad work at times is better than none."

The most interesting, and what will probably be the most valuable, experiment carried out on the reclaimed land was that of growing various grasses in order to test the time in which they were ready for grazing purposes. It would be of extraordinary value to the Duchy, and not only to the Duchy but to all who have animals to graze, if they could obtain a succession of pasture from early spring to late autumn. This has been, practically speaking, achieved. Nine varieties of grass have been successfully grown on large experimental plots, and even from a considerable distance their fresh greenness stood out from the dun hills surrounding them. There is no longer room for doubt about the possibility of making extensive pastures that will practically endure for ever with proper management and once the ground is brought into subjection. But it is difficult, and probably would be unwise to hurry the work of reclamation. When the



A WELL-FLEECE DARTMOOR RAM.

first deep ploughing is made it turns up in furrow a long slice of earth that is almost wholly made up of fibrous roots. These take a long time to rot. It would be costly to break them up at once through the agency of a disc harrow, and the better plan seems to be to let them rot naturally, with the stimulus of another ploughing wherever it is possible. The soil in the third year, after treatment with lime and other artificials, is really splendid. Many acres of it were being drilled out with potatoes and mangolds, and the soil is very deep, black, and full of humus, while its cleanness rejoices the eye. With ordinary luck it should yield magnificent crops in the course of the coming autumn. The huge stones and boulders form a difficulty. They are scattered over the country in some places with such profusion as to create the impression of one looking over a graveyard of Titans. These boulders are characteristic of Dartmoor and form an

essential part of the scenery. They belong to the soil, which is extremely fascinating to the student of geology who for generations has pondered over the rocks of Dartmoor and the deposits in which they are rich. Agriculture has learned much from the geologist, but not much of practical use in regard to the huge boulders. Their size and weight are sufficient to make the idea of removing them costly if not wholly impracticable. Where they are most numerous the ordinary operations of agriculture are impossible. Those on the surface are less



ON THE MAY GRASS.

injurious than those under. If the ploughman sees a boulder ahead he can negotiate it; but concealed in earth it is bad for the plough, whether hauled by tractor or horses. Nevertheless, the work is going on satisfactorily and promises at no distant date to add considerably to the cultivable area. Sometimes people at a great distance protest that the beauty of Dartmoor is in danger of being spoiled. That is because they do not realise the extent of the country. It is so large



A GOOD-LOOKING BUNCH.

that it swallows such disfigurement as is made by the mines so that they are hardly noticeable, and agricultural improvement, instead of injuring the beauty of the moor, would very much improve it. Not for a moment would it be argued that stretches of forest such as will ultimately constitute the wind breaks detract from the charm. In fact, they would only restore it to the condition in which it was in earlier times, as records prove the existence of considerable woodlands on Dartmoor. Again, wild life would be encouraged. Birds and beasts follow the plough. At present Dartmoor is poor in wild animals, for the very apparent reason that there is little food for them, especially in the early part of the year. Even the grouse and black-game which have been successfully imported must be hard put to it to find a means of living. Plenty of trees, plenty of grass, plenty of crops would soon bring cheerful flocks of birds and increase the number of quadrupeds. Probably the experienced farmer will say that is only too true, because he knows that the better his farming the more are the pests against which he has to fight.

On the Home Farm at Stoke Climsland a splendid herd of shorthorns is being built up for the Prince. There are

Whatever may be the rank of a landowner in these days, he has to face the problem of dealing with wakened and assertive labour. *Noblesse oblige*: the Prince has at once recognised the great importance of solving the difficulty between employer and employed, capital and labour, in a way satisfactory to both. A really good profit-sharing scheme has been devised for the Duchy by which the worker will not only receive the wages of the district but also a share in any profits that remain after the necessary expenses have been made. He has done this, not waiting for any demonstration on the part of the men. There has been no restiveness in the locality. Action has been taken not in answer to demands but because it is foreseen that in the new era which we all recognise to be dawning the just and right plan would be to afford the labourer opportunities for rising in the world. The profit-sharing scheme is well calculated to do this. The natural step upward for an agricultural labourer is to become a small-holder; and small holdings in plenty are provided on the Duchy. But they are of no use to a man until he has got together the capital wherewith to work them. Labour is essential, but in agriculture it can produce very little unless backed by capital. For the



THE TAMAR BELOW THE MILL.

about a hundred head altogether, and the herd is strong in the blood of King Christian of Denmark, and in Clippers of the Zoe branch of that famous tribe. We have space only for a few notes about the most prominent animals. First place must be given to the young bull Christian King, a roan calved on January 19th, 1918, and bred by His Royal Highness. His sire was Butterfly Knight 130029, by Collynie Grand Knight 119549, the famous Duthie bull, and his dam by King Christian of Denmark, the famous bull bought by A. W. Hickling for nine hundred guineas at the sale of the late Mr. P. L. Mills of Nottingham. To say that this young bull is worthy of his breeding is to say all. Golden Augusta is a roan calved January 8th, 1914, bred by Mr. Stephen Mitchell of Boquhan, Crief. She is by Duthies' Gold Mint out of Augusta Auguston by Jack. Gold Mint was sold for 850 guineas at Collynie sale in 1906. She was by Collynie Mint out of Golden Drop III.

simple proposition which every husbandman has to face is that for the best part of a year he must spend money time and labour in preparing the ground, sowing seed and gathering the increase. These are, in short, processes which are spread over many months, some of them, indeed, over the entire year, and till the last stage is reached money is not going into but out of the pocket. Thus labour without capital would be in vain, and hence the care taken by the scheme to give the worker a chance of saving as much as is requisite to start him in the cultivation of land for his own profit.

It must not be thought that all the attention is given to the shorthorns and the horses. Livestock is a great feature of the estate. The black pigs almost deserve a chapter to themselves; so, for the matter of that, do the improved Dartmoor sheep with their splendid fleeces, some of which weigh up to 30lb. And the Devon cattle—these are all excellent.

OVER MARLBORO' IN THE DOWNS

By WILFRID EWART.

ON the outskirts of the forest of Savernake a man stood in the burning heat of a summer's afternoon. He was a curious-looking man, attired in a cap, corduroys and a homespun coat. He looked, at first glance, not unlike a good-class gamekeeper. The second glance, however, revealed a pale, almost ascetic type of face, bearded, with large brown dreaming eyes, grave, full of thought and even of sadness—it was seen to be the face of a dreamer. His body was thin, his limbs loose-jointed, and his gait the long-striding, easy and somewhat untidy one of the individual whose thoughts are far from the immediate present.

He stood there with the dark green forest as his background and the pale green country stretching before him. How many travellers of how many conditions of how many generations must have paused on this last knoll of the western edge of Savernake Forest! Beautiful the forest looked with its fresh verdure above dim architraves and aisles, from which the man had just emerged. He knew every yard of it, every narrow twisting path, every fern-brake and thicket, every bracken-strewn depth; and he knew by heart the secret life that moved in there among the foxes, the squirrels and the innumerable birds.

From his high vantage-point he gazed out upon a scene which he knew, perhaps, not less well. It was a scene, little concerned with human life, but rather of the sky and air, the wind and sunlight, and of the world beyond this world. It contained strange and often melancholy effects of distance, of hills merging into hills and these into other hills or the troughs of valleys; of high corn-lands, and of beech-clumps seen uncounted leagues away. All was green. There was no prevailing note of corn or culture. The valleys lost themselves in their twisting, winding among the downs or, climbing upward, seemed to lead but into the sky.

Long, long in the burning sunshine and the strange rapture which expressed itself in his face, the wayfarer gazed out upon this familiar country. Then, ash-plant in hand, he made his way down the steep slope of the hill, beyond the last great oak and the last mighty shade-giving beech. He passed to the east of Marlboro' and so across a high, wide common, where the cows, donkeys and geese belonging to the inhabitants of that famous township have, for many centuries, pastured at will. He came with rapid strides, gazing up at the hard blueness of the sky, yet never failing to notice anything about him, whether of flower, weed, bird, beast or insect, he came to Ogbourne St. Andrew, saffron-yellow, thatched and whitewashed, set about at many angles as many downland villages are. He crossed the plashing Ogbourne stream, and climbed thence by a narrow road up the steep hillside beyond.

There were at first no hedges, only the cornfields, the feathery barley, the pale green waving wheat. Reaching the summit, the road entered a mysterious irregular tract of thorn-brake and of briars. The world of free space was left behind. The road became a lane, more narrow, twisting, winding, tortuous and flinty. And what a queer stillness! Like the stillness of a larchwood, but there was no wind among the thorns, which seemed aridly to absorb the heat.

He was alone and happy there. He wandered into the dim recesses, the hidden places and the obscure glades, caring nothing for the thorn-pricks and the low boughs of the crab-apple and rowan, so he found the hawfinch in her solitude, the goldfinch, and the shyer warblers. A yellowhammer beat out his tune to the hard blue and copper-pink sky. A rabbit darted across the road. He found the place full of a secret, stealing, rustling life. Rabbits seemed to stir everywhere—and it was the home of the magpie. Crickets and grasshoppers everywhere chirped; it seemed to be the anvil of the sun. . . . But he thought of the night there and—as he had known it—of the winter snow.

And in the very heart of this thorn country, which, up hill and down dale, extends to the vicinity of Ramsbury, he found a small ancient manor-house of grey, time-worn stone, flinty, said to have been the hunting-box of John of Gaunt. It was the centre of a small hamlet, hard to find, but itself standing alone with its ghosts and its summer silence. How all shut in, how breathless and quiet, that thorny solitude! The man strode on—it may or may not be that he noticed all these things. Now he was out upon the open down and, skirting fields of clover shot with poppy-red, of half-grown wheat, pale, scintillating, and of barley, came to Liddington with the evening sun.

Green and smooth, rounded in shape and scored by numerous reminders of a bygone civilisation, Liddington Hill rises above the rest of the neighbouring downs. Around its foot a white road winds. Upon its face many of the smaller down flowers grow, while from its height may be seen the full scope and distance of all that far-flung country. Southward the Ogbourne valley winds back towards Marlboro', whence it came, east and west the hills rise to a moderate height, crowned on the one hand by Aldbourne Chase, on the other by beech-riven Barbury

Hill. Northward the vale stretches into blue distances that cloud the Cotswold Hills; this remarkable soft blueness being the result of atmosphere, largely created by the great number of spinneys and trees which embellish the fields. North-eastward may be seen Highworth on a hill-top. Marston, Stanton Fitzwarren, Lydiard Millicent lie amid lanes and fields. It is all pastoral, quiet and green save where, in the foreground, the tall chimneys, the smoke-stacks, the crowding roofs, the railway smoke of Swindon strike the increasingly modern note, that of the toiling, striving world of men.

Near at hand, indeed almost immediately beneath, his eye lit upon the gleaming water of the reservoir at Coate. Beyond, the great Burderop woods unfold a grassy park, while hither the meadows, richly studded with oak and elm, and wych-elm and ash standing in hedgerows, of hawthorn, blackthorn and hazel, end with the rising downs.

The lonely figure of this man, so strange and yet so commonplace, lingered a long time here, upon his face still writ the peculiar expression as between that of the ordinary countryman, the mystic and the dreamer.

He then climbed a circular rampart, enclosing a little green meadow several acres in extent, these being part of an ancient British fortress, one of many in that part of the country. He found himself alone under the sky, the scent of the downland thyme and of the wild flowers which he loved being all about him, while ever present in his mind was the thought of the men who had dwelt and battled here untold centuries ago.

"I was utterly alone with the sun and the earth," he wrote, "Lying down on the grass, I spoke in my soul to the earth, the sun, the air, and the distant sea far beyond sight. I thought of the earth's firmness—I felt it bear me up; through the grassy couch there came an influence as if I could feel the great earth speaking to me. I thought of the wandering air—its pureness, which is its beauty; the air touched me and gave me something of itself. I spoke to the sea; though so far, in my mind I saw it, green at the rim of the earth and blue in deeper ocean; I desired to have its strength, its mystery and glory. Then I addressed the sun, desiring the soul equivalent of his light and brilliance, his endurance and unwearyed race. I turned to the blue heaven over, gazing into its depth, inhaling its exquisite colour and sweetness. The rich blue of the unattainable flower of the sky drew my soul towards it, and there it rested, for pure colour is rest of heart. By all these I prayed, I felt an emotion of the soul beyond all definition; prayer is a puny thing to it, and the word is a rude sign to the feeling, but I know no other. . . ."

His mind travelled back and downwards too, for what the eye could not see in its fulness was the yellow-brick, square-built farmhouse, with multi-coloured thatched roof, with pear tree trailing up wall-side toward the gable, where this strange spirit first saw the light. A trim flower garden was in front, behind a walled garden and the farm buildings and the ricks—the fields and downs. . . . To-day it is disappointing perhaps, a little modern, neat and orderly. A tablet facing the highway beside the garden gate marks the house where Richard Jefferies saw the light. There the Idens ate their splendid meals; there Amaryllis loved, despaired; and, though the old ha-ha vanishes, from this wall above the road Amaryllis watched the passing of Pamment and of Duck, on a summer's morning, in the fulness of her youth. . . .

And there, through thirty years, he dwelt whose long-gone spirit is the traveller in these lines. He grew there, joyed there, and less suffered than hereafter; from there roamed the many-featured country, the meadows, the downs, the valley, the thorn-brake, and the forest. From there passed out into the world which knew him not till he had died. Something in the grave landscape, something in the quality of the sunlight and the evening peace of the downs suggests that wherever his body lie, and through, or despite, perhaps, the restless tragedy of his life—his spirit reigns there now.

TO A BABY BORN LAST APRIL

Be old in learning, young in grace,
Able, quite soon, to wash your face,

And sit sedately on a chair
(Wheel-backed), as one who knows her place;

—To sew a careful seam meanwhile,
Or trip in dance from tile to tile

Down red-floored parlour. Yet beware
Lest you should grow too wise—to smile!

Enough, if in this second year
Your dimpled mirth makes it appear

That hands, too young to fold in prayer,
Praise God, each time you clap them, Dear!

JOYCE COBB.

A NEW COLONY OF BLACK-HEADED GULLS



BACK TO THEIR NESTS.

EVERYBODY who has watched the black-headed gull at his breeding place will be struck with the extraordinary vivacity and fidelity to nature of Mr. Arthur Brook's photographs which accompany this article. The birds are in the most wonderful way transferred from their natural environment to paper. It is interesting that the colony is, comparatively speaking, a new one, and "It is only of recent years," writes the photographer, "that the black-headed gull has taken to nesting in this part of the world." The part of the world in question is Rhosgoch Common, near Painscastle, Radnorshire. It may be assumed that many more colonies will be formed in the coming years. The outcry for increased drainage is excellent from the agricultural point of view, but it spells ruin to the ancient home of this land-loving sea bird. It will be the more inconvenient because the family is neither decadent nor dwindling in numbers. The black-headed gull loves husbandry, and it chooses an inland nest mainly because of its fondness for worms. Where a gull pond is in existence the birds may be seen in early spring following the plough, their white feathers making a striking contrast to the black of the rooks and jackdaws which form the bulk of the crowd that follows the ploughman when he is turning over the ground for the spring crops. It is probable that the early nesting habits of the birds are due to the abundant food supply thus obtained. Those gulls which nest on rocks and islands take to their domestic duties very late in the season. They may be seen at their best in early June. But

the black-headed gull turns up at his rural home very early. At one pond where they have bred for centuries they are seldom looked for in vain on or about March 27th. It will happen now and then in a rainy season that the islets on which they nest are covered with water. Even in that case a few roving heralds of the great army may be seen taking notes of the situation. As a consequence they leave the breeding place much earlier than other sea birds. We used to think that they generally flew away when the hay was long enough to wave in the breeze and hide the corncrake, whose rasping cry became a familiar sound towards the middle of June. It is in May that the gull pond is seen at its best. One would remember it because the laburnum and hawthorn were usually out before the young were hatched. Moreover, the pond weeds by that time had invaded the erstwhile bare ground on which the nest was placed, and it may be assumed that a gull does not like to be lost in rank herbage. It builds on the naked earth even as its sea-abiding companions lay their eggs on the naked rock. The spring rushes and grasses begin to grow as the bird is sitting, and when the young come out they are just beginning to afford too much cover.

The season lends a particular attractiveness to the sight. In early days the bird, which makes no attempt at concealment, may be seen openly and, as it were, in front of the congregation sitting on its eggs. Far from being ashamed it looks rather proud of its position. Then as the young begin to appear there is a continual winging to and fro. The offices of the bread provider are called upon and he



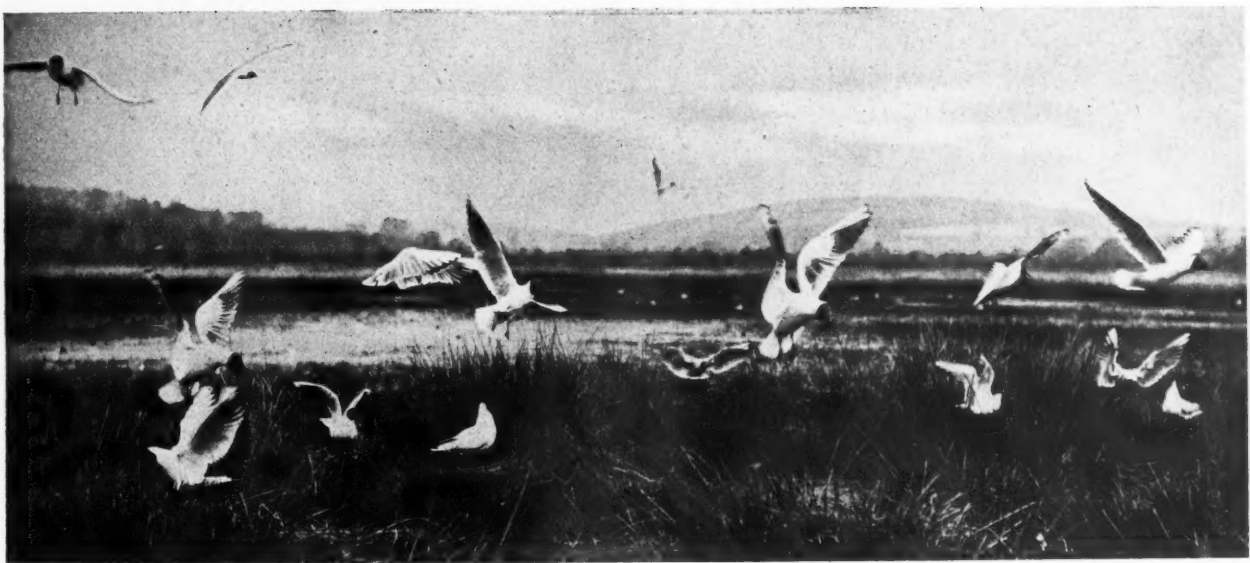
Arthur Brook.

AMONG THE SPRING RUSHES.

Copyright.



A CERTAIN LIVELINESS.



SETTLING DOWN.



Arthur Brook.

SCOLDING AND CLAMOUR.

Copyright.

sallies forth to collect the grubs and worms which are to him the staff of life, and the scene becomes one of busy movement that might be mistaken for restlessness by those who did not watch how the bird fares forth and returns on an errand which to it is all important. The only confusion is caused when a passer-by, out of innocent curiosity, waves a white handkerchief or takes some other means to stimulate the sitters into motion. They rise as thick as a swarm of bees from a hive and, hovering over the water, emit those cries which, blended together, bear a curious resemblance to that of summer waves breaking on a rocky shore.

Shut your eyes and listen and the secluded park, the trees and the stagnant pond fade from sight and memory, and you imagine yourself pacing by a seaside cliff. Not till you open your eyes is the illusion removed. By that time the gulls, whose alarm does not last long, are settling down each to its own home, but by the scolding and clamour it would seem that they do not accomplish this without doubts as to the identity of the nests and eggs. One could understand about the eggs, because no bird seems able to distinguish its own progeny in the egg state from that of another. The domestic hen will hatch out any eggs placed under her, and fondly believe that the little chicks hatched out are her own children. If you place the eggs of a seagull in a basket and give the parents a chance they will readily seize and carry them away to eat, thus showing that they have no means of identification or of marking a difference between one egg and another. With the nests it is otherwise.

Just as in a row of houses each owner or tenant can select his own, similar as they may all appear to the eye of the casual observer, so the gull knows the nest of its own weaving. In fact, some sea birds that nest on the rock appear to recognise exactly the particular spot on which they have chosen to deposit their egg or eggs.

When the black-headed gull leaves the pond it does not at all follow that it wings its way back to its seaside haunts. On the contrary, it takes very readily to the moorland, where the streams provide as much food as the sea itself. They become very artful and clever fishers. One has noticed that on a rocky coast, where there are many strong currents, experience has taught the gull, as it has the angler, that fish in running water holds his head up-stream looking out for any tit-bits that the current may bring down. In consequence, any biped, whether plumed or not, is recognised at once if he is coming down the stream, and the shy fishes dart quickly out of danger. But if the advance is made up-stream the foe is not visible and so more easily effects a capture. On the Farne Islands one has watched the gulls fishing upward, then making a wide sweep so as to approach the tail of the current from the bottom, and resume the fishing up-stream. It is the same on a trout stream among hills. The gull, on a beat of a mile or so, comes up as warily and vigilantly as a good angler, and when he reaches the end of his beat departs over the shoulder of a hill so as to be out of view, and resumes his quest from the point at which he originally started.

SOME OF LORD ROCHDALE'S PLATE.—I

BY PERCY MACQUOID.

Illustrating this exceptional collection the greater number of specimens given are plain or, as technically termed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, "white plate," and are chosen from many chiefly on account of their simple beauty of line and surface and being very typical of their owner's taste. At different intervals in the history of English plate it is noticeable that a wave of plain taste invariably followed the decadence of each ornate period, as the simplicity of Charles I coming after the rich decoration of Elizabeth and James; the return of quiet, plain surfaces after the exuberant decoration of Charles II; and the classical restraint of George III silver after the elaboration of Paul Lamerie and his contemporaries



FIG. 1.—DOUBLE STANDING MAZER, silver and parcel-gilt with cusped hexagon top and foot, the seal top and handle are deeply engraved for enamelling. Burgundian or Swiss Gothic. Circa 1485. Height 8 ins.

of the preceding reign.

The fascinating charm of plain plate was produced by great attention to lines and proportion in addition to the hammering which art had by these times raised to a high pitch of perfection. It produced a most artistic, irregular surface, conveying the personal touch of the craftsman and never arrived at by other methods, such as spinning, blocking or stamping. Quite plain plate appears always to have been left ungilt, but when repoussé, cast ornament or chasing was introduced, such portions were gilt, to emphasise the ornament and to protect them from abrasion; this was termed parcel-gilding, and of this character is the beautiful Burgundian double mazer (Fig. 1). Such vessels were first made from

the root of maple mounted in silver, and were of Swiss or German origin; then they were constructed entirely of silver, and when mounted on to a stem or foot, as in the present instance, were called standing mazers. The two cups are of globular form and plain, with cusped hexagonal feet bordered with a rosaced edging, the lip of the larger being decorated with a rope and bead moulding, repeated where the bowls meet the stem. On the bottom of the small cup is a "print" deeply engraved with a fish, being the arms of the owner, which are repeated with beautiful Gothic detail on the handle, and both were evidently originally enamelled; all decorations on the cups are gilt. The date is *circa* 1485, a period when Burgundy was setting the fashion in tapestries, wood-carving and precious objects to both France and England, as Charles the Bold married the sister of our Edward IV. The remarkable little gilt standing cup (Fig. 2) is a very fine example of the work of Wenzel Jamnitzer, who has been described as the German Cellini of his time. Wenzel Jamnitzer was born in Vienna in 1508 and went to Nuremberg, where he worked for Charles V and other potentates, dying in 1588; and undoubtedly this school of silversmiths had



FIG. 2.—STANDING CUP AND COVER, silver-gilt, by Wenzel Jamnitzer of Nuremberg. The cylindrical sides studded with cherubs' heads and cabochons, escutcheoned. Height 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ ins., width of cover 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins. Nuremberg. *Circa* 1550.



FIG. 3.—TANKARD AND COVER, silver and parcel-gilt, decorated with perpendicular bandings of chased strapwork divided by three bold half-round mouldings. The finial to cover is set on a rayed button, the billet formed of an angel holding a cornucopia. Height 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins., diameter of base 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins. Hall-mark, London 1587.

great influence upon the excellent craftsmanship of our Elizabethan silver workers. The lobed motive, so characteristic of German and Swiss work, pervades the design, which is rich in the intricacy of its detail. The cover is surmounted by an infant bacchanal astride a pomegranate, which fruit, intersected with acanthus leaves, forms the base of the cup; the cylindrical sides are studded with cherubs' heads and cabochons set in high relief escutcheons, which lie on an arabesqued ground; the stem is in six small volutes supporting a knop of cabochons and lion masks, and the foot repeats the cover.

Fig. 3 is a tankard of Elizabeth dated 1587. Tankards were at first flagon-shaped, with a globular body and short neck resembling the mottled stoneware jugs with silver mountings so fashionable in England during the latter half of the sixteenth century. The shape of the straight-sided and tapering tankards, such as this example, originated, no doubt, from the lower end of a horn, and a few specimens of these, complete with their silver mountings, are still in existence. In Lord Rochdale's tankard the tapering drum has a slight entasis and is divided into compartments by three boldly designed, half-round mouldings, stamped in ovolo, and, together with the domed cover, is chased with perpendicular bandings of gilt strapwork alternating with corresponding plain spaces, forming an excellent example of parcel-gilding. The convex base resembles those found on all Elizabethan tankards and is embossed with strapwork enclosing fruit on a matted ground. The graceful bow handle is engraved down the back with a delicate arabesque. Both sack and beer were drunk from these small tankards, for, as the bowl died out as a drinking vessel, the tankard came in, the shape remaining slight until after 1600.

The so-called "Grace Cups" are here represented by two beautiful specimens; these are mounted on delicately balustered stems, and in Fig. 4 the bowl is hexagonal, embossed with leafage at the base, from which spring conventional flower-spikes flat-chased on a matted ground, an escutcheon with initials being introduced on one side. The cup, which shows traces of gilding, bears the London hall-mark of 1616 and an original weight scratching of 5oz. 4dwt. The bell-shaped bowl of Fig. 5 has a deeper embossment of the same pattern, but, being later in date (1627), the stem is more balustered. There are a pair of these cups of almost



FIG. 5.—GRACE CUP, silver, with bell-shaped bowl chased and engraved on baluster stem. Height 6½ ins., diameter 2¾ ins. Hall-mark, London 1627.

FIG. 6.—SMALL WINE CUP, silver, with plain V-shaped bowl and boldly balustered stem. Height 4½ ins., diameter 2¾ ins. Hall-mark, London 1636.

FIG. 4.—GRACE CUP, silver, with hexagonal chased bowl on baluster stem. Height 6½ ins., width at lip 3 ins. Hall-mark, London 1616.

similar design belonging to the Armourers Company, but their bowls are connected to the stems by three openwork brackets. This pattern, which only remained in fashion about twenty years, was no doubt inspired by the Venetian glasses that were very slowly taking the place of small silver cups. Falstaff exclaims ("Henry II," II, 4) "Glasses, Glasses is the only drinking," and Hentzner, travelling in England towards the end of the sixteenth century, wrote that on a person noticing the number of silver cups at Gray's and Lincoln's Inn and suggesting the introduction of glass in their place, he received the answer that they were ready to make him a present of all their plate, provided he would undertake to give them all the glass and earthenware they should have a demand for, since he would find the expense from constant breaking exceed the value of the silver. The little V-shaped wine cup dated 1636 (Fig. 6) was probably

used by a woman or child; it is only 4½ ins. high, but of perfect proportion, being of the same shape as the larger variety made during Charles I's reign. The surface is perfectly plain, and it was purchased by Lord Rochdale from the Dunn Gardener sale in 1902. The two pots or beer mugs (Fig. 7) were also acquired at the same celebrated sale. These are gourd-shaped with thick ring handles and bowls, the surfaces being perfectly plain except for the arms of Queen's College, Oxford, engraved with feather mantling. Their pattern is somewhat earlier than their hall-mark 1690. There is one in the keeping of the Mercers' Hall marked 1616; three such mugs exist at the Clothworkers' Hall marked 1657; there are several at Lincoln's Inn, and sets still in use as beer mugs at Oxford. It is difficult to imagine a more simple and attractive form of plain English plate.



FIG. 7.—PAIR OF BEER MUGS, plain silver with circular handles, the bowls engraved with the arms of Queen's College, Oxford. Weight 15oz. each. Height 4½ ins., width at handles 5½ ins., width at lip 2¾ ins. Hall-mark, London 1690.

LITTLE RIVERS NEAR LONDON



Clarence Ponting.

THE CHESS, A FINE TROUTING STREAM.

Copyright.

IT would be a brave heart that set out joyously to unveil the beauty of the Home Counties to Londoners. Every Saturday and Sunday they are explored by thousands of pioneers, who on foot or on the numberless inventions on wheels at the disposal of modern man go forth to find and dwell upon every pleasant nook and corner that lies within a Sabbath day's journey of the Bank. During the past month they have been more sedulous than usual. No wonder; winter was the longest and the dreariest in human memory. Even those who were forced into gaiety by the ending of the war could scarcely summon up courage enough to wander among the highways and the byways while the bare trees were either covered with snow or dripping with the incessant rain. But all

was atoned for by a May as glorious as any within human memory—a May that did not come with cutting east winds, as is so often the case, but reminded us of May as it was sung by Dan Chaucer and the nature-loving poets of his period. It produced a wonderful transformation. Buds and blossoms, held back by the inclemency of the weather, seemed to have gained new strength by the delay. They

all came out at once and with a heavenly profusion. Alas! that their stay was so brief. The wild cherry, which flourishes nowhere in more opulence than in the counties of Buckinghamshire and Hertfordshire, waited for its kinsman of the garden, but was only a fleeting delight. The trees one day were covered with a white bloom which, when seen against the light of a westering



W. Selfe.

ON THE STORT AT HODDESDON.

Copyright.

sun, surpassed the most delicate veils in exquisiteness. But they showed only to fade. They made one feel that those who planted these trees in the neighbourhood would do well to substitute for them some of the more robust cultivated varieties which remain in bloom longer. Wild cherry and garden cherry have now assumed the sombreness of autumn. So, too, the blooms of the pear trees which flourished beside them. The apple blossom was later, and the orchards, which continue to increase and multiply at the time of writing, are lovely beyond words. But before this article comes before the eye of the reader they will have put away the brilliance of flowering time and become staid and inconspicuous until autumn, when the reddening apples will yield a sight as fine in its way as that of the blooms which preceded them. Less useful wildings have glittered forth in the same profusion and generous plenty. The commons have been like seas of gold with the gorse. The blackthorn seemed determined to rival the may, which, save in sunny places sheltered from the wind, is only now striving to display itself. After the hawthorn comes the wild rose, the last of all the flowers that have a dominating effect on the landscape. For that very reason there is a note of sadness in the nature-lover's recognition of its arrival. Its coming is a sign that the most beautiful of the seasons is approaching its end. The landscape that hitherto has been pranked with spring will now be with summer more than half embrowned, and so the year marches on to the dying splendour of autumn, which in its turn must give place to dreary winter once more.

These are the evanescent charms of the country. But there are others of a more permanent and more enduring character. Among them a first place must be given to running water. The sight of it at any time makes one think of Merlin's charm "of running water and of waving hands." To see it at its best one must go to a moorland or mountainous country what time the heather is in full bloom. There the little brooks that tumble as they run with their purling streams and eddies, their rock-strewn channels, the mossy stones half out of the water behind which the trout hides, the ferns and bulrushes that come to the quiet pools, the more uproarious that form here and there have a something about them more attractive than is to be found in any other running of water. But they stand in a class by themselves, and one's delight in them need not interfere with an equal delight in the sober and staid little rivers which wander through a highly cultivated, populous and thoroughly reclaimed landscape. To few, indeed, are they only the rivers of Damascus as compared with the joy of those to which one is accustomed. It would take much space and more trouble to deal exhaustively with the many little rivers which flow through that extensive country which adjoins the metropolitan suburbs. Some, indeed, are



WILLOWS BY THE COLNE.



THE WEY AT WEYBRIDGE.



W. Selge.

THE RIVER MOLE THAT JEFFERIES LOVED.

Copyright.

world famous. Among them first place must be given to the Lea, not exactly because it has greater intrinsic merits than others, but by reason of the fact that the man who stands out as the most distinguished of river worshippers, Father Izaak himself, has immortalised it because he used to steal away from his shop in the City to angle in it. It might be thought to have altered in character greatly since his time, but it is not so in fact. As you wander down its banks you do certainly come across huge factories and even uglier buildings which did not exist at the Restoration. But its ponds and reaches, its willows and meadows, have not really changed. Moreover, it is still a resort of the fisherman. You may see a typical example any day, one of a hundred all very much the same. He sits on his box of bait, which also contains his luncheon, and watches his float as assiduously as the most finished fly fisherman watches the artificial insect with which he hopes to lure the innocent trout to destruction. The Lea, in spite of the modern trend towards ugliness, remains still a charming and beautiful river. The Lea Valley is now a happy hunting-ground of nurserymen and such as grow tomatoes. No one who is familiar with it as it wanders down from Ware to Broxbourne, from Broxbourne to Waltham Abbey, thence to the London Waterworks, and so through Hackney Marshes to the Thames, but will attest the truth of what is said. Hackney Marshes themselves retain many of the characteristics that must be familiar to all, such as its Lammas Land and the sports and games which have gained a little in humanity, but otherwise are very much what they used to be in preceding centuries.

The Roding is another delightful little river, and our photographer has caught it exactly at the right spot. It comes from a land to which it has given its own name. The Roding in Essex attained an ill fame in the time of the great agricultural depression, not because the country grew less beautiful, but, on the contrary, its natural charms were increased by the neglect of husbandry. It wants a Mr. Pringle to read the famous report about it in the early nineties to explain the relapse and paint the picture of desolation it presented to the agricultural eye. But the features of a river remain unchanged whether it flows through fields of golden wheat or through derelict land, the only difference being that in the latter case it is sure to develop on its banks a multitude of picturesque weeds that cultivation tends to obliterate. It cannot be forgotten, too, that the Roding has on its brim a very wonderful settlement to be so near London. We refer, of course, to the famous heronry and rookery which exist side by side on the tall trees which it waters. War between the two colonies has more than once been declared and carried out.

Everybody knows something about that fine little stream the Chess, which flows down from Chesham



THE RODING, A HAUNT OF ROOKS AND HERONS.



THE KENTISH DARENT AT EYNSFORD.



W. Selje.

THE LEA AT PONDERS END.
A stream that Izaak Walton fished.

Copyright.

to Rickmansworth, which it joins at Colne. Certain portions of it, such as those at Latimer and Chenies, have attained an almost classical fame. It is a fine trouting stream, although, naturally, in a country densely populated, the best fishing is in private grounds. Here the little river is, as it were, tame and decked out with garden flowers and ornaments with, sad to say, a grill at either end to prevent the fish, which also are in a sense domesticated, from escaping up or down and thus becoming a prey to those who did not provide the stock nor prepare the accommodation. Yet in places where it runs by the roadside we have seen many good fish taken with the dry fly.

Another little tributary of the Colne is the Misbourne, which starts in the Chiltern Hills as a slender rivulet and

works its way down past Little Missenden, Amersham, Chalfont St. Peter and so to the junction with the Colne, which takes place near Uxbridge.

Of the rivers on the south side we have left little space to speak. But the Wey, the Darent and the Mole are all, for one reason or another, familiar to the reader, the Mole especially so for its literary associations. George Meredith lived not far from it, Jefferies loved it, and so did a successor of his, John Owen, who was able to study the habits of the otter on its banks. The Darent is a clear flowing Kentish stream which affords good trout fishing, although from time to time there is trouble with the jack, which have been taken there in large numbers.

TWO POEMS BY ANEURIN WILLIAMS.

LOVELINESS.

A music of a thousand strings
Each softly played;
Pity and all good human things
Felt but unsaid;
How shall the heart have rest,
That has missed the best?

Far Loveliness I saw, and I
Have watched her come;
I have seen Loveliness go by——
I am hurt, am dumb.
No hope, no peace, when she has passed,
For the heart at last.

SONG.

The lightest gait to walk the land,
The clearest eye to see,
The keenest mind to understand——
Link up all these, and there is she,
Sweet lady!

To Form and Wit in her combined
Add Honour, clean without a blot,
And—miracle—a heart that's kind——
Alas, alas, I know her not,
Sweet lady!

IOLO ANEURIN WILLIAMS.

GEORGIE: A PALESTINE PET

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY DR. FRANCIS WARD.

MANY are the quaint and interesting pets that have helped to wile away the dreary hours spent by troops on an Eastern front. Young jackals, hawks, owls, tortoises, chameleons are the commoner; but the pet that gave more amusement to the mess than any others I ever had was "Georgie." It was on the plains of Belah, and we were rehearsing the third and last attack on Gaza. At intervals of 50yds. a long line of upright sandbags marked out an imaginary sea border, along which we advanced to attack an imaginary Sheik Hassan. Suddenly I saw what I thought was a tiny porcupine scuttle away into the imaginary sea. I had to run after the beast some way, and my companions suggested that I was out of my depth; but I caught the little animal, and it went into my haversack until we returned to

camp after a very successful attack upon an imaginary Turkish position. During the next ten days the troops were in reserve, and I had plenty of time to tame that young Syrian hedgehog, for that is what it turned out to be. During the day he was the duller of creatures imaginable, but at night he was all over the place. I soon found out that his favourite food was beetles. At dusk beetles left their hiding places and scavenged round

for food. So Georgie and I used to go beetle hunts. The little beast would rush about, picking up one here and there until he had devoured ten or fifteen beetles $\frac{3}{4}$ in. to 1 in. in length. One night I collected some beetles and put them in an empty matchbox. Georgie found that matchbox and was full of excitement, and to my surprise had it open in no time. His method of opening a box was to bite the ends until there



GEORGIE WAS A HANEFUL.

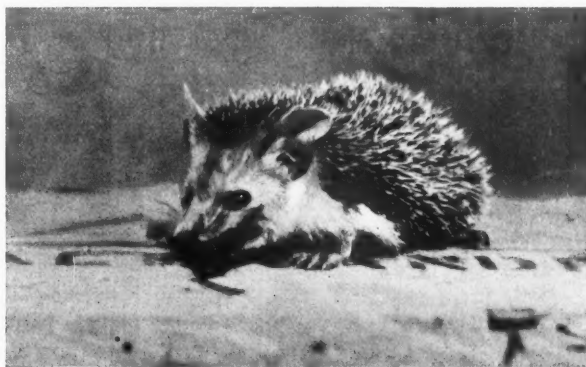
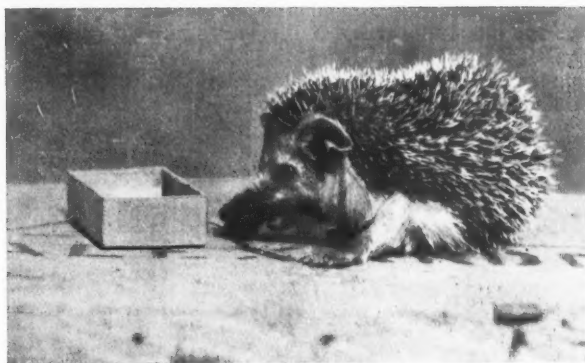
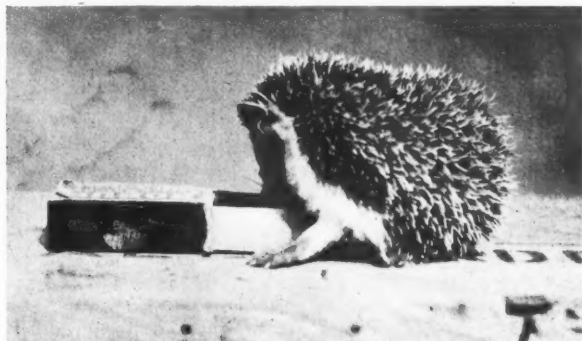
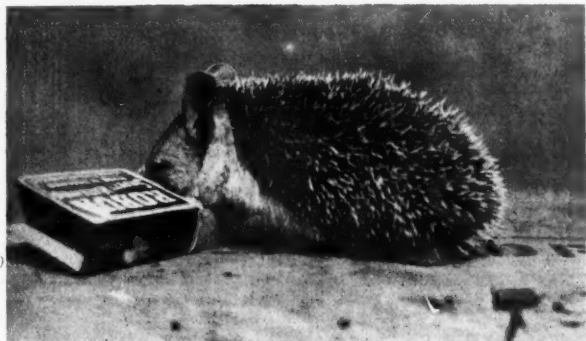
was a space between the box and the lid; then he fixed the box with his feet, inserted his pointed snout and pushed the lid off. For some days I put all Georgie's beetles in matchboxes, until he became extremely expert at opening a box.

I then produced him at mess. When the time came to light up Georgie was mad with excitement, for to him every matchbox was a receptacle for beetles. His antics as he rushed at each box laid on the table were most amusing. We had a guest night specially for Georgie and

to watch the faces of our guests as their matchboxes were seized.

Then Allenby started his advance and we went along the real seashore. We were far too busy for some time to find beetles for Georgie, so we let him go, and I hope he is still hunting beetles on the plains of Palestine.

I have omitted to explain that the little beast was called Georgie after George, the backbone of our unit, for George and Georgie were not dissimilar in appearance.



GEORGIE WITH TEETH, SNOUT AND FEET OPENS A MATCHBOX FULL OF BEETLES.



HIS FAVOURITE FOOD WAS BEETLES.

THE STORY OF THE GUARDS

BY STEPHEN GRAHAM.

Illustrated from Sketches by Captain R. Sharpley, Coldstream Guards.

THE chronicle of the Guards ought to be written in a moving style for boys and illustrated with a thousand drawings and impressions. In that way a lasting and classical story of the war itself might well be told. For the whole British Army has a most stirring history, and the Guards may be taken in a very special way as symbolic of the whole. It was the tenacity of the British soldier that won the war, the patience, doggedness, pluck and perseverance of the fighting men. But for those qualities which gave backbone to the whole Allied cause it is not improbable that in the face of so much German success as obtained on all fields a compromise might have been arranged.

The Guards were the hard core of the British Army, the very centre and support of the whole. They had the

Courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else, not to be overcome.

They had the tradition, the training, the ineradicable self-confidence and discipline which is necessary in those who guard the King. The making of an old-fashioned Guardsman was about the hardest and severest training since Spartan days. It is said to have far outdone the rigours of the Prussian Guards. And even in the midst of the war the training of the volunteers and the conscripts to be Guards

was the most exacting in Britain. Guards are made, not born. They are hammered into shape on the Surrey Hills. If they have a spirit of their own, any idiosyncrasies, or wayward personality, they sweat it away before ever they are posted to the castles and the palaces of England or drafted abroad to fight. At the training dépôt each recruit goes through in his person what the nation went through in ancient history before it was made. The ancient Briton in him is defeated as by Roman and Saxon, and the Saxon churl in him as by Norman. The sergeants and instructors are his destiny's lords, and when they have done he is a made warrior, as hard as steel.

In the old pre-war days the Guards had the pick of the recruits as regards physical fitness. The standard was a high one. It was kept up during the first rush of the volunteer movement, but it gradually fell away as it became difficult to make good the numbers without the use of what may be called second-rate material. But it is a remarkable fact that never at any point of the war, even when the Allies were most hardly pressed, was the standard of the discipline and the training lowered. Even the drafts of March, 1918, and especially those to the Fourth Brigade, which distinguished itself at Hazebrouck Road, behaved magnificently. It was no doubt a Prussian sort of discipline which made them what they were, but the war being what it was—an



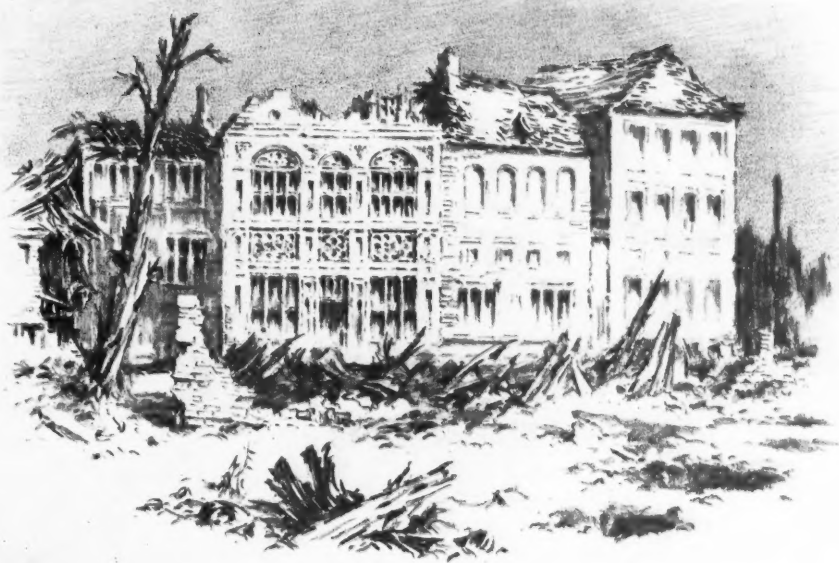
AMIENS. The first distant view of the Cathedral came when the Division marched to the Somme in the summer of 1916. During the following long and cold winter Amiens remained the Mecca for occasional respite from a desert where was seen neither house, woman nor child.

attempt to defeat Germany with Germany's weapons—it was amply justified. The wonder is that that special sort of training which the Guards are given was not extended further in the British Army. However, that is speaking from the Army point of view. From the point of view of the private soldier he is likely to be happier in a territorial regiment, where there is more of a happy family spirit.

The Guards went out at the very beginning of the war, though not as a division. They were then, as now, known as the "Brigade of Guards," and the various battalions were distributed over several divisions. Thus the 1st Battalion of Scots Guards was proud to be the first battalion of the first brigade of the first division. The 1st Battalion of Grenadiers, however, waited to become part of the "Immortal Seventh." Naturally, the home battalions were thrown first into the scale, and the overseas battalions followed in due course. The former obtained their baptism of fire in the Retreat from Mons; the latter in the terrible first Battle of Ypres. They were the old-fashioned Guards, the "Old Contemptibles," the pioneers of death and danger. They had a marvellous send-off from London, but what an ordeal, what a terrible reality they suddenly faced when on the Continent the might of Prussia was revealed! Our Army, our artillery, our machine gunnery, seemed in truth but toys beside what the enemy could bring forth. While the Germans fought with machine-guns, our fellows opposed their remarkable efficiency in rapid fire, and I have often heard it said that the rapidity and accuracy of the Guards' aim had to make up for every other deficiency.

Of course, many retirements had to be made, though how galling to retire even under orders when there is a tradition that "the Guards never retire." Alas! in all those early battles there were so many who could never retire again. Many a battalion that went into action seven or eight hundred strong came out with but a hundred or two hundred—"all that was left." What a story, for instance, is that of the 2nd Battalion of Scots Guards at Kruseecke, or of their neighbours in another brigade, the 1st Battalion of the Irish! Almost the whole flower of the command perished, and what the men went through was such a nightmare of adventure that all who survive to-day are bound together in a sort of invincible fellowship.

After Ypres the Guards went into many a winter raid in the time of the wiring and the systematisation of the



YPRES. Houses facing west in the Rue Dixmude were among the few buildings standing in the autumn of 1917, when Ypres was no longer within howitzer range.



YPRES. The Guards were in the Ypres salient for long periods in 1914, 1916 and 1917. The city itself was bombarded for the greater part of the war. The south door of the Cathedral, sketched in October, 1917, was shielded by the Cloth Hall and adjoining buildings—little else remained.

trenches. In the spring they went into the Battle of Neuve Chapelle, and following it they covered themselves with glory at Festubert, where "the immortal eighty," though surrounded and cut off, fought till the last man; and heaps of grey German mingled with green British dead remained many a month in No Man's Land. The Guards had proved their worth in the new type of war. It was just their stubbornness and tenacity, their grim discipline that were needed to hold the German. Impulse and dash such as, for instance, characterised our splendid Highland troops or the brave Colonials was somewhat at a discount in the new methodic warfare. It turned out *par excellence* to be a war in which the Guards would shine. This was no doubt realised thus early in the war, and it was decided after Festubert to raise a whole division of Guards. Some say the idea was originally that of Kitchener; some credit Sir Francis Lloyd with it. But whoever was the prime mover, it was a natural result of the work and merit of the Guards in the growing British Army. The peace-time men were now being reinforced largely by the volunteers—by "Kitchener's men" as they were called—and there was great scope for army building. Accordingly at Wizernes in the summer of 1915 the Guards Division was formed and the excellent divisional artillery which proved such a support of the division was attached. New battalions, including the 1st Welsh and the 4th Grenadiers, were raised. The whole was commanded by Lord Cavan and was billed, as some thought, for some great exploit in the early autumn of the year. A great "break through" and a march to Douai were confidently anticipated, and the bulk of the glory would no doubt have fallen to the share of the Guards Division.

How often in the war was Douai thought to be an objective for British arms—so near and yet so far. The great September attack is known now as the Battle of Loos. At Loos the Highlanders rushed forward to perish, "fighting fearful odds," and the 24th Division which were in support had a terrible time, were, in fact, "down and out" before the splendid new division of Guards were brought into the fray. They came into action with all the sparkle and freshness of drill at Wellington Barracks, "doing their Hyde Park stunt," as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle described the occasion in his popular poem. For the Guards are always supposed to go into the most bloody frays "as on parade."

There was all the regular scenery of a battle—an endless concourse of horses and limbers and tents beyond tents as far as eye could see. For chorus the resonance of the echoing explosions and sonorous, lasting concussions. For silent thrill of terror the stiff and yellowed bodies of scores of dead Highlanders suffocated by the gas. Wounded men without rifles or equipment staggering down with faces whitened by chalk dust and by exhaustion whispering to the Guards as they formed up: "Give them hell, give them hell!" Multitudinous troops for the most part broken and worn,



CORBIE. On one occasion, when a battalion was marching away from the devastated area to billet in Corbie it burst into loud cheers on meeting a Frenchman, his wife and child, the first civilians the men had seen for many months.



BERGUES. This small town, surrounded by a moat and containing traces of the Spanish occupation, was within easy reach when the Guards were in the Ypres salient.

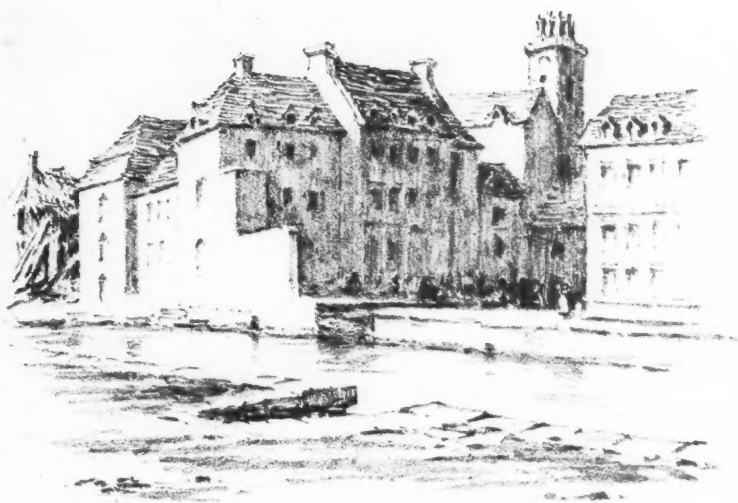
and then our own fresh Guards coming forward eager and new into the fray! Loos was taken, and the capture and retention of Hill 70, which lies east of the town, was the objective of the Guards. Here the new battalions were hard tried and tested, and the old battalions won more laurels in a series of remarkable attacks.

After Loos the division was at Gun Trench and the storming of the Hohenzollern Redoubt. At that time the Mills hand grenade appeared in large numbers, and it was such an effective bomb that no doubt many optimists thought that it was going to win the war itself. Bombing companies had been formed in many battalions, "suicide clubs," as they were called, made up as they were of the most desperate characters and all the dare-devils.

The bomb was a very popular weapon among the Guards at that time. Men's fingers itched to throw bombs. I believe that in the night before the attack on the Hohenzollern Redoubt there was quite a breeze between two rival battalions, each mistaking the other for the enemy. When "zero" came bombs were thrown with such zest that one battalion flung some 18,000 before breakfast; unfortunately, with comparatively little effect upon the enemy.

These battles were in the autumn of 1915, and with the winter lull the Guards went to Flanders and finally into the Ypres Salient, where they remained until the battle of the Somme late in 1916. In a curious way they associated themselves with the guardianship of Ypres, and its very stones became poetry to them. All Guardsmen of long service have tales to tell of Ypres and of the ordeals in the trenches there.

From Ypres the Guards Division went to the Somme for a change and a rest. There came in relief another division much worn and spent, and to its astonishment the Guards learned that it was come to Ypres, also for a rest and a change, from the Somme! Fancy coming to the Ypres Salient for a rest! The march to the Somme, however, was one of the happiest times of the Guards Division. It was done in easy stages through the verdant and peaceful back areas of France. Such a relief, such a change, after the sinister, shell-swept salient! Soldiers do not like route marches, but this one was heaven compared both with what was before and what was after. As one of their officers wrote: "Two weeks later they fought, bled, and died by the hundred, and few are left to tell of 'after Ypres.' Like a day that is done, like a picture that is painted, like a play played out to the end, the march south has fallen into a perspective which seems as though it had never been. Only there remains in the mind a clear-cut sequence of scenes, of incidents, of faces, which will never fade. The comrades of those days, most of them, the comrades of Ypres, Laventie and Neuve Chapelle, lie now a few feet beneath the soil of the Somme country. One feels grateful that they passed from peace on earth through but a few terrible days to that "peace which passeth all understanding." The Guards remained all the autumn and the winter in the "blood-bath" of the Somme. They were only relieved when the Germans retired. Then, instead of resting, they were employed building a railway to Péronne. In the spring there was rest, and the Scots converted the ruins of Cartigny into a sort



MAUBEUGE. Captured by the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards on November 9th. The Division remained in this area for some days after the signing of the Armistice. A solemn Mass and Te Deum were held in the church.



NAMUR. Our artist's battalion on the march to the Rhine shortly after the signing of the Armistice, billeted for one night in a small village on the Meuse, close to Namur.

of pleasure garden, battalions vying with one another not in bayonet charges, but in the cultivation of flowers! In 1917 the Guards fought at Pilkem Ridge in the first concentration of mustard gas. They fought at Boesinghe, and were whisked away in November to Cambrai, where they exceeded everything they had yet done in the war in their fight at Bourlon Wood. After the battle "they were sleeping," as one story has it, "when a messenger

must have been due not only to the rank and file, but to the commanders, who used their own discretion for the repairing of a desperate situation. More is owed to the Guards Division on this occasion than is generally known.

Then all the last summer they remained expectant of renewed attack, and at last attacked themselves and started a final quarrel which knew no respite until the enemy made surrender on November 11th. By that time the division



came to say that the Germans had broken through again." In less than an hour the whole division was up again and marching forth through Gouzeaucourt and Metz. One of the strangest sights of the war was the mob of panic-stricken infantry fleeing on one side of the road and the stubborn and tenacious Guards marching past in the opposite direction to repair the breach.

In March, 1918, the Guards again stopped the break away south of Arras, and on this occasion a very great deal

had gone as far as Maubeuge, which it was proud to restore to the French. From Maubeuge the division marched to the Rhine in all the splendour and sparkle of a home parade. A wonderful march carried out in a very fine style. Such in brief is the story of the Guards. It is a story which could only be told justly at length or never at all. An epic might be written in Homeric verse concerning it, for while it is the story of one division only, it is also the story of the Army and of the nation and the characteristic way in which the war was won.

TECHNICAL KNOWLEDGE FOR THE FARMER: HOW CAN HE GET IT?

BY DR. E. J. RUSSELL.

ANY general scheme of agricultural improvement requires three conditions for success: adequate technical knowledge on the part of the farmer that will enable him to overcome the difficulties of execution, sound financial prospects justifying him in putting all the necessary capital into the enterprise, and a keen body of workers who can be relied upon to get the utmost out of the day's work and the implements. With the two latter factors we are not now concerned. The object of the present article is to discuss the methods by which the farmer can obtain the proper technical knowledge requisite for the solution of his problems.

Broadly speaking, there are two ways of obtaining knowledge—by actual trials and by learning from others. The former is proverbially the more efficient, but it is very slow and costly: mistakes in farming may not be found out until the season is too far advanced to rectify them, and they may cost so much that five or six serious mistakes might send a man out of business altogether. It is far quicker and much less expensive to learn from other people, but this implies sufficient mental elasticity—the result of a good general education—to ensure that the new idea shall be grasped. In the past many farmers have lacked this to their detriment, although the more capable ones were so shrewd and had so much native common-sense that they overcame to a very considerable extent the bad results of defective education. It is hoped, however, that Mr. Fisher's new Act will remedy this state of affairs; it might even happen that in the next generation an uneducated farmer would cause as much astonishment in a country market town as one of John Leech's becrinolined ladies would cause in Piccadilly to-day. We have not yet reached this consummation, however, and until we do we must make provision for the man unskilled at learning.

Unquestionably the easiest way of acquiring information from other people is to go and see what they are doing.

This has many advantages. A new idea sinks in more quickly and more deeply when the embodiment is before one's eyes and the originator is there to demonstrate it with all the enthusiasm of a father for his child. Arthur Young, whose knowledge of the British farmer was unrivalled, gave a piece of advice to the young men of 1819 which still holds to-day:

"If our young farmer has any relation, friend, or confidential bailiff, that he can trust his farm to for ten days or a fortnight, let him now (June) take his nag for a summer tour, to view some farms in well cultivated counties, and to introduce himself to the conversation of his intelligent brethren, from whom he will be sure to learn something useful. In this month are the sheep-shearings of Mr. Coke, and others so well known to the public. He cannot do better than be present at one of them, as he will there meet with able cultivators from every part of the kingdom, and may learn where best to direct his steps, whatever may be his object; and this, let me remark, is no inconsiderable proof of the utility of those meetings."

A few enterprising spirits still do something similar: our good friend Dr. Edwards of Methwold may at slack periods be seen driving round in his dogcart picking up ideas from farms and farmers as he goes along. The motor car and motor cycle are rather too rapid for the purpose.

The modern counterpart of Young's idea is seen in an interesting experiment recently tried by the Joint Committee of the Board of Agriculture and the Ministry of Food. There was an important trial of the soiling method of feeding milch cows in progress at Harper Adams Agricultural College, Newport, Salop, which the Committee desired should be brought to the notice of farmers. Leaflets, bulletins, etc., had, of course, been issued, but something more was wanted. The Committee accordingly arranged for deputations of farmers to visit the College and see the experiment for themselves; the College authorities on their part arranged for a full demonstration and discussion. It was the writer's

privilege to attend one of these gatherings, and there was no possible doubt as to their value. Mr. Thompson, the Secretary of the Committee, got into touch with farmers' clubs and unions representative of actual working farmers, and invited them to elect a few delegates to see the experiments. He then made all arrangements for the visit, for hotel accommodation and railway tickets; all that the farmers had to do was to turn up at their local stations and proceed to London, where the party assembled, and then travel down to Stafford. There was, of course, much preliminary discussion on the way, which served to whet curiosity. Next morning an early start was made for Newport, and in due course the college was reached. Here Principal Foulkes and Vice-Principal Brown met the party, explained the general lines of the trials and showed the cows in their cowshed. The discussion was of that detailed technical kind which means so much to the business farmer and so little to the amateur. The party then returned to the Principal's room and inspected charts and diagrams taken out from the farm account books, showing exactly what had been the costs and returns per cow and per acre. A printed summary was given to each man to take away with him, but without doubt the most valuable feature of the meeting was the full discussion of the details—a discussion lasting so long that even the quiet man smoking his pipe in the corner had joined in freely before the end. After this the party returned to the hotel at Stafford for their evening meal, after which another discussion took place; this was still going on (with diversifications) when the writer retired at midnight. A report was drawn up for submission by each delegate to his club or union; it was put into shape by one who was accustomed to that kind of work, and then typed. The immediate result of the visit was that the new features demonstrated in the trial were brought to the notice of a dozen enterprising farmers, leaders among their neighbours, fully alive to the need for effecting improvements and ready to learn improved methods from anyone who could show that he had something of value; these in turn told their fellow members at the club or union, and so the news travelled. The more remote—but possibly, even probably, more important—result is that when next the Harper Adams College sends out to these clubs and unions a paper dealing with agricultural improvement it will have won half the battle beforehand in being assured of a good reception by these leading men. A still further result was that a number of farmers from different districts were brought together to discuss their problems: the experts were there long enough to get to know them, and whenever one of these experts is engaged in a district where one of the party lives he will go straight to that farm and be assured of a hearty welcome.

The method seems by far the best for bringing technical results to the notice of actual farmers. Can it be extended? Other bodies of men have developed it very successfully. The British Association for the Advancement of Science brings together not twelve but 1,200 people interested in science for a whole week. Doctors have their congresses, co-operators and Labour men have theirs, why not farmers also? In America something of the kind is already done. Great gatherings are organised which farmers attend with evident satisfaction. One type of these meetings is particularly interesting; it was started by Mr. J. H. Vincent, the Methodist Episcopal Bishop, and consists of a summer school held at Chautauqua, New York State, in connection with home study, and it still retains the picturesque name of Chautauqua, though it is no longer confined to one place. The settled nature of the American summer allows of very pleasant living arrangements; those attending the meeting can camp out in tents: the whole meeting, indeed, becomes a great camp, and prior to the war it appealed very much to the American farmer, as indeed it probably would to ours. It would be interesting to ascertain whether any of our summer camps made for the late Armies could be transferred to some agricultural centre and utilised in this way.

Many farmers, however, for various reasons cannot hope to do much travelling, and the technical knowledge must be taken to them. This is not really so effective as taking the farmer to the field or cowshed where the technical knowledge is being gained, but it is much better than nothing. In theory the best method of teaching these men is by means of good books; in practice books fail to reach them. One of the most remarkable and curious features of a country market town is the utter inadequacy of its bookshops. The market square contains good inns, ironmongers, saddlers, chemists, stationers, clothiers and many other tradesmen, but no good bookshop. The stationer has a few books, Bibles and Prayer Books—showing that at least one society

is doing its work—"sevenpennies" and a few returnable or safely saleable novels, but rarely, if ever, a book on farming; indeed, it is easier to buy a farming book in the Strand than in an agricultural market town. The station bookstall is no better. In consequence of the lack of distributing machinery the working farmer has no opportunity of ever seeing books that would help him. The packman served this function for the last generation, and his wares are often the only agricultural library the farmer possesses; but the packman has passed and no one has taken his place.

But if books do not travel, agricultural journals do, and fortunately the modern agricultural Press of this country will compare favourably with any other in the world. Good summaries are given of the results of agricultural experiments and of practices which have been found to work well in certain districts or on certain farms, while there are also topical notes on current operations. It is quite clear that the editors take their task seriously and realise their high responsibility.

A further method of bringing technical knowledge to the farmer is through the expert advisers. Each county has or can have one or more expert advisers whose duty it is to get in touch with farmers, attend markets, give lectures, visit farms, and help in any other way that may seem suitable. These advisers are supposed to keep themselves informed of new and promising methods and to be able to give direct help in ordinary cases of difficulty; in special cases, however, they refer the problem to one of the agricultural colleges or research institutions. Thus they are very much in the position of the general medical practitioner dealing with all the ordinary ills of life, while the colleges and institutions are in the position of the Harley Street specialists who take over difficult cases from the general practitioner and also make advances in knowledge which they then bring to his notice.

It is difficult to over-estimate the value of the work done by good county experts such as Oldershaw, Bland, Bond and others whose names might be mentioned. It is not, of course, everybody's job; very special personal qualifications are needed. There is no forty-eight hour week for the county adviser; he may have to start his day at six a.m. and not finish till twelve o'clock at night; he may be harassed by committees, or, still worse, by the domineering and destructive critics who, by an unfortunate English trait, are put on to committees to keep them quiet. Yet he does his work quietly and well and is making a tremendous difference to British farming. There is still a weakness to overcome: the link between the county expert and the agricultural specialist is not nearly so close as in the case of medical men, and it needs strengthening. Probably one of the most useful things that could be arranged at the present time would be a tour by a body of agricultural specialists conducted in each county by the local expert, who could thus discuss his difficult cases on the spot with the particular specialist most likely to help. Such a tour would certainly lead to a considerable development of close relationships between general and special workers, and could not fail to have important results.

In the foregoing discussion we have considered ways of bringing technical knowledge and the farmer together, and we have necessarily assumed that the technical knowledge existed. But, unfortunately, it often does not; cases are not uncommon where even the best expert is only able to say: "I really cannot tell you how to meet this difficulty, and it will take me two years to find out; if you cannot wait so long you might try either this course or that course or another course, but I can accept no responsibility for the result and can hold out no hope that any of them will be more than a costly failure." If the trouble is common it becomes worth while to arrange a first-class investigation at a research institute; but it may only be local, and then it must be dealt with by the local staff. One or two large farming undertakings have their own scientific adviser who can do the necessary work; ordinary farmers have not, and must perforce rely on the county expert. In addition, therefore, to his other duties he is called upon to apply the general principles of agricultural science to the special problems of his district. General principles are deduced from average results. If a company had farms all over England and was farming for fifty years it would obtain average results and could therefore farm according to general principles. But the ordinary farmer has only one or two farms and does not farm for fifty years; he therefore does not obtain average results—sometimes not by a long way. The general principles need intelligent application and this means local trials, local demonstrations and, if need be, demonstration farms where things can be tried out under the eyes of the farmer.



C ASTLE, Place, House, Palace—such are the different names successively attributed to the often rebuilt and altered habitation near the Lanarkshire town of Hamilton that has been a chief dwelling place of the Hamiltons from mediæval to present days. Vast additions made a century ago (Fig. 1) transformed it into the huge pile represented in the illustrations, and needing a stateliness of householding and a multiplicity of retinue that have become things of yesterday—relegated suddenly but surely to the domain of past social history, not merely by recently evolved and evolving financial and labour conditions, but by ethical thought. Whether decay and disappearance are to be the fate of the whole batch of our oversized country seats it is too early to decide, but the doom of Hamilton Palace is imminent. Its situation and condition join with its size in procuring its condemnation by general consent. It is in the midst of the Lanarkshire coalfield, and the numerous and proximate pits not only destroy its amenity, but actually threaten its structure. Subsidence in the park have been followed by ominous cracks in the walls. Pick and shovel work nearer and nearer, so that the time seems to be approaching when inhabitation may become not merely disagreeable, but dangerous.

And so Hamilton Palace, with its history and its traditions, its splendour and its treasures, may very soon pass finally away. The first blow, indeed, was struck thirty-seven years ago when masses of its most rare and costly contents were dispersed, causing the *virtuoso* pulse to throb lustily, and adding a still unforgotten page to the annals of Christie's saleroom. Yet, how much remained over, how fine are still the decorations and the furnishings it is the purpose of these articles to show. They have, therefore, the double interest of reciting and exhibiting the greatness and excellence of this ducal abode, and also of forming its swan song, the final snapshot before dissolution.

When Edward I, having fought and won the battle of Dunbar in 1296, became master of Scotland, among those whose names appeared on the homage roll of August 28th was one Walter FitzGilbert de Hamildone. He showed considerable ability in getting reconciled to the winning

although fighting on the losing side. Swearing fealty to Edward I, he is, under Edward II, castellan of Bothwell Castle, which surrenders to Bruce after his victory at Bannockburn in 1314. But in the next year we find Bruce granting him the "lands of Machane," and he afterwards is given the barony of Cadyow. Such building as then formed Cadyow Castle was probably destroyed during the wars between Bruce and Baliol, and although FitzGilbert was among those who escaped with his life from Edward III's defeat of the Scots at Halidon in 1333, nothing more is heard of him. His son and grandson, each in turn, write themselves Sir David de Hamilton, and the latter, moreover, is styled Lord of Cadyow in 1381. Yet Machane, and not Cadyow, appears to have remained the more usual dwelling place of the family until the middle of the following century, when James Hamilton, fifth in descent from FitzGilbert, is created Lord Hamilton, and a charter confirming and increasing grants of land is given to him by King James II of Scotland, who declares:

All of which lands we create into one free lordship to be denominated in future the lordship of Hamilton. And the Manor House of the said James now called the Orchard, situated in the Barony of Cadyow, shall be the principal messuage of the lordship and shall be styled Hamilton.

That was in 1445, not long after which we find him siding with the lords, headed by Douglas, against the King, who favoured the burghs. But after the King had stabbed Douglas to death in 1452, he succeeded in bringing Hamilton back to his side, confirming this renewed adhesion by a gift of forfeited Douglas lands. James II was killed at the siege of Roxburgh in 1460, and his son, James III, by rebels at the fight of Sauchieburn in 1488. But Hamilton prospered and laid the foundations of the family's greatness. He married James II's eldest daughter, the Princess Mary, widow of Boyd, Earl of Arran. By the latter her issue died early, and thus her son James, second Lord Hamilton, came to be created Earl of Arran, and by charter held the island which continued as part of the Hamilton estates until the twelfth Duke left it to his daughter on his death twenty-four years ago. It was probably a more important and frequented



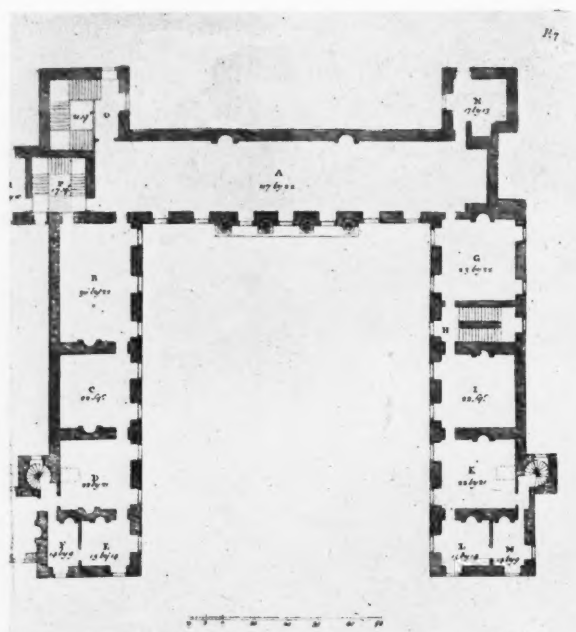


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2.—CENTRE OF THE THIRD DUKE'S SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

home of the family during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries than the habitations they owned at and near Hamilton. Although ruins, standing boldly on a rocky escarpment, still exist (Fig. 17), Cadyow Castle was not favoured by the Hamiltons. The first Lord's house, as we have seen, was called the Orchard, and he either fortified it or erected a castle for defence near by in 1455. It was added to during the minority of his son, whose guardian, Sir James Hamilton of Finnart, was Scotland's most noted builder in the fifteenth century. A further extension was made by Lord Hamilton's grandson, but all these buildings suffered much from the state of civil war which was Scotland's normal condition during the sixteenth century. Arran held a command in France when his first cousin, James IV, was defeated and slain at Flodden in 1513. But two years later he is back and in arms against the regent, Lennox, who invests Hamilton Castle where the Princess Mary lay. She obtains terms for herself and her son, who is soon after in chief control of the Government until the young King assumes power himself. Some measure of internal peace was maintained until his death at the age of thirty in 1543, when the Crown fell to his baby daughter, Mary, and power to whatever kinsman was strong enough to hold the regency. For the next decade that kinsman was the second Earl of Arran who had succeeded his father in 1529. During his regency Mary was betrothed to the Dauphin, and the King of France thereupon created the regent Duke of Chatelherault. Resigning the regency to the Queen Mother in 1554, he seems to have prospered until Mary, as widow of Francis II, returned to Scotland in 1561, took up the reins of power and decided on Darnley as her second husband. This the Duke prepared to oppose by force of arms, but, finding himself outnumbered, fled with his friends to England, and only made peace with his Queen on condition of his living in France. There he still remained when his son James, who, owing to his Protestantism, was not a *persona grata* at the French Court, went first to England and then to Scotland, aspiring in 1559 to the hand of Elizabeth, and in 1561 to that of Mary. We are told that the Scots' Queen might have accepted him but for his religious views, owing to which "he lost her favour, and later, in consequence, his reason." He lived on, in restraint, for nearly



3.—PLAN OF THE FIRST FLOOR OF HAMILTON HOUSE
AS IT WAS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

- | | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------|--------------------|
| A The gallery | D The bed-chamber | G Withdrawing-room |
| B The great dining-room | E Dressing-room | O Great stairs |
| C The drawing-room | F Closet | |

half a century, and thus it was his brother, Lord John, who assumed the headship of the family after his father's death in 1575. During the latter's absence in France Hamilton Castle had fared badly. Here Queen Mary had been in 1568 when she mustered her forces before the defeat of Langside, after which she escaped to England, so that Hamilton Castle was her last Scottish abode. Twice in 1570 it fell into the hands





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5.—MANTELPIECE IN THE BEDCHAMBER. (D)

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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6.—THE GREAT DINING-ROOM. (B)

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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7.—CHIMNEYPiece IN THE GREAT DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the Regent Lennox. On the first occasion part of it was burnt; on the second, Lennox removed the plate and furniture and sold them at the Market Cross of Linlithgow, pocketing the proceeds. After that Chatelherault returned to Scotland, and it appears that it was in the house he had built at Hamilton, and called the Palace, that he died. Four years later the Regent Morton burnt it to the ground, Lord John decamping on foot just in time, escaping to France in disguise and afterwards residing in England. Young King James—Mary had abdicated in 1567—granted to James Stuart the Hamilton estates and the Arran Earldom, but in 1585 Lord John and other exiles returned from England in strength, obtained the upper hand, seized Stirling Castle where the King was, and imposed upon him forgiveness and the restoration of their lands.

Lord John thereupon set to work to repair the devastated estates, and in 1591 completed a new house, probably on the site of the older one, certainly on the site of the present one of which the late seventeenth century portion incorporates much of its walling, although the only certain and visible remnant is the now detached date stone (Fig. 16). An illustration in Slezer's "Theatrum Scotiae" shows Hamilton as it was at the end of the sixteenth century. The little low houses of the town in the foreground run right up to the higher and ampler buildings of church and castle. Lord John had become the firm adherent and friend of King James, who made him Marquess of Hamilton in 1599, and was frequently his guest in the new "Castle." As the first Marquess died in 1604, before his mad brother, it was his son who combined the new and old family honours, but as he died in 1625 at the age of twenty-six, he fills a very small page in the family annals. Not so his two sons, the friends of Charles I, whose fate they shared. James, the elder, was a favourite at Court as a boy, and was married to a cousin of Buckingham, Lady Mary Fielding, when he was fourteen and she seven. He lived mostly in England, was Master of the Horse and created Duke of Hamilton in 1643. Having failed in his effort to prevent the Scots handing the King over to the English, he gathered a motley force and marched south in 1648. Defeated at Preston and surrendering at Uxtoeter, he was brought

captive to London and executed the following spring, two months after the Whitehall tragedy. His brother William thus succeeded to the Dukedom, and in due course also paid the penalty of an unsuccessful invasion. He fought at Worcester in 1651 and died a few days after of his wounds.

Neither brother had a son, and the elder one's daughter, Anne, became heiress on her uncle's death. At that time, however, there was little to inherit. Cromwell was master of both England and Scotland, and he confiscated the estates. But the tradition that an old servant who was much devoted to her supported her by her needlework is probably an exaggeration. In 1657 she married William, a younger son of the Marquess of Douglas, and himself Earl of Selkirk since 1646. On his wife's petition in 1660 the restored Charles made him Duke of Hamilton for life, and thus he ranks as the third Duke. Thereupon he devoted himself to reviving the Hamilton fortunes by a prudent administration and improvement of the restored estates. Until that was done he took little part in public affairs, and it was later still before he was in a position to rebuild the Castle and rechristen it Hamilton House.

While Lauderdale ruled Scotland, and in a measure England also, we find Hamilton sometimes acting with him and sometimes against. At a critical time in Lauderdale's fortunes his support was obtained by the promise of the chief direction of Scottish affairs. The promise remaining unfulfilled, he again led the opposition and was much out of favour until, after Lauderdale's death, he obtained his Garter as a reward for his advocacy of the Duke of York's claims to the succession at the time of the Exclusion Bill movement. Thus James, both as Prince and King, showed him much favour; yet he was among the first to declare in favour of the Prince of Orange. He was in London when William arrived there in December, 1688, and headed the Scots deputation that requested him to take the Crown. The next spring he is President of the Edinburgh Convention that declares the Throne vacant and proclaims William and Mary. In 1690, however, through disagreement with the Earl of Melville, the Scotch Secretary of State, he retired into private life, and it may have been then that he employed the same architect as Melville for his rebuilding. Possibly among forgotten papers in the Hamilton Palace



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8.—THE BEDCHAMBER SHOWING THROUGH THE GALLERY.

"C.L."



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9.—IN THE DRESSING-ROOM. (E)

"COUNTRY LIFE."

charter-room there may lurk record of exactly when and how Duke William and Duchess Anne reconstructed the house that had been little lived in since the days of the second Marquess and had suffered not merely from neglect but from military occupation. A cursory search has revealed little, and we have to be satisfied with evidence merely circumstantial, and meagre at that. Of such part as does not date from the early years of the nineteenth century, that is the hollow square on the south side (Fig. 4), I was told on the one hand that it was Elizabethan, on the other that it dated from the beginning of the hteenth century. Of the Elizabethan house there is no visible sign except the detached date stone already mentioned, and the later date is clearly wrong, as the first glance at the side doorways (Fig. 15) reveals the cypher "A. W.," for Anne and William, of whom the latter



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10.—THE WITHDRAWING-ROOM. (G).

"COUNTRY LIFE."

died in 1694. That is two years later than Colin Campbell tells us that Melville House in Scotland was built by James

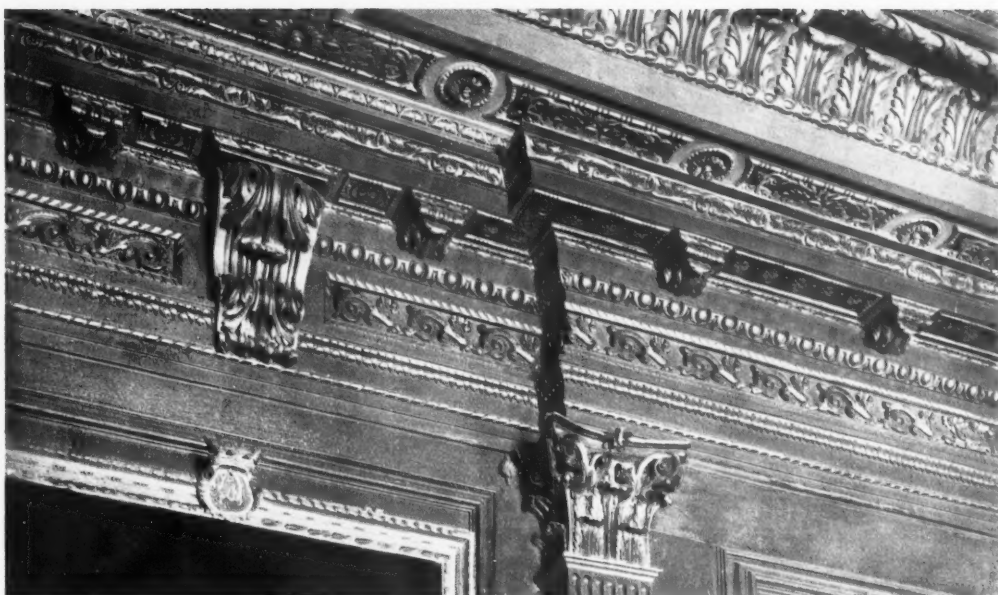


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11.—THE GALLERY. (A).

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Smith, "the most experienc'd Architect of that Kingdom," which implies that he was still alive when Campbell published his "Vitruvius Britannicus" in 1717. A score of years later William Adam, father of the more illustrious Robert, was collecting and printing a set of plans and elevations of his own and other architects' Scottish work. In 1812 this collection was published under the title of "Vitruvius Scoticus," and Plate 7 shows us the "Plan of the Principall Floor of Hamilton House up one pair of Stairs" (Fig. 3). Next we have a presentment of "The Court Front of Hamilton the Seat of his Grace the Duke of Hamilton & Brandon &c in the County of Clydsdale, Ja. Smith Arch^t." The last words we also find under the elevation of Dalkeith; also an old house which in 1701 the Duchess of Buccleugh decided to reconstruct under the advice of Lord Melville, who had employed Smith to build his own house a decade earlier. The central pediment at Dalkeith is much like that at Hamilton (Fig. 2), and, like the latter, it has oak wainscotings, and bolection moulded fire arches of the type that arose under Charles II and prevailed under William III. The Dalkeith wainscotings are therefore late in date for their type, whereas those at Hamilton, and especially the carved mantelpieces, are akin to those at Holyrood, of which the first Duke of Hamilton had been made Hereditary Keeper. The Charles II work at Holyrood was carried out during the years 1672-79, and the accounts are preserved. Just before the work was begun Sir William Bruce, a sort of Scottish Burlington, was appointed Surveyor of the King's Works in Scotland, and under him was Robert Mylne of the family that had been master masons to the



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12.—ENTABLATURE OF THE GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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13.—THE GREAT STAIRS. (O).

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Stuart Kings since 1481. The splendid plaster ceilings at Holyrood were wrought by Englishmen named Halbert and Dunserfield, but a Dutchman named Jan Vansantvoort appears in the accounts as carver of "chimney and door pieces." Although the plasterers made a start with the Hereditary Keeper's rooms, he did not indulge himself in this class of decoration at Hamilton. But if the wainscoted rooms now illustrated are compared with those at Holyrood (COUNTRY LIFE, July 15 and 22, 1911) the idea occurs that the Holyrood joiners and carvers may have passed on to Hamilton. The narrow carved panels used as pilasters and the bulging acanthus leafage in the frieze of the bit of entablature above them (Fig. 5) are found at both places and are unusual. But the Hamilton work has a rather later look, the lighter treatment of much of the flower carving implying the

plain and uninteresting, and in front of it the tenth Duke set his great front (Fig. 1). But to the south Smith's work is untouched, the wings projecting so far forward as to admit of eight window spaces, two on the ground floor of each side being occupied with doorways having fine bolection moulded architraves supporting a broken pediment containing the ducally crowned cypher of the joint owners (Fig. 15). The whole building is of an excellent ashlar stone from the estate, severely treated, ornament being almost entirely restricted to the central pedimented section (Fig. 2). Corinthian columns supporting a projecting entablature rest on plinths the height of the comparatively low ground-floor rooms, the principal apartments occupying the *piano nobile* above. The pediment is very richly wrought, but below it carving is only modestly found on the window

heads and below the top window sills, where the cypher again appears. Inside, the whole of the Smith centre block is, on the first floor, occupied by a gallery 120ft. in length (Fig. 11). It is wainscoted from floor to ceiling, the great oak panels being of a size to accommodate the series of full length family portraits, beginning with Van Dyck's pictures of Lord Denbigh and of his son-in-law the first Duke of Hamilton, and including Elizabeth Gunning, sixth Duchess, by Reynolds. The pictures are the decoration of the walling, panels and doorways being plainly moulded. But fluted Corinthian pilasters rise up to a much enriched entablature (Fig. 12), of which the soffited cornice is supported not only by modillions, but also by occasional acanthus foliage consoles descending to the lower string of the architrave. The mantelpieces are an introduction by the tenth Duke, who had a strong predilection for black marble. Though we may wish that the original arrangement had remained, we must admit that, like much of the tenth Duke's work, they are unusually well designed for his age and finely wrought. The florid ornamentation and colouring of the ceiling looks like one of his less satisfactory efforts at display.

In the larger tower Smith placed the great stair of oak with the perforated and sculptured balustrade panels usual under Charles II. The balustrade survives (Fig. 13), but the staircase has been rebuilt. In the east wing only the first room (Fig. 10) is oak wainscoted, but opening out of the south-west corner of the gallery is a series of five such

rooms planned as at Hampton Court and Chatsworth, to open out of each other through doorways close to the windowed side. The illustration of the third of these rooms (Fig. 8) shows the vista through to the gallery. Beyond this third room lie two little rooms occupying the south end of the wing. Though originally called dressing-room and closet, they are entirely wainscoted with enriched chimneypieces, door heads and over-door panels, but the three large rooms were designed for tapestry on the unbroken sides, and the absence of this since the 1882 sale somewhat detracts from the appearance of a noble suite of rooms quite representative of their period. There was some little tampering by the tenth Duke. In the second room he put in one of his favourite black marble mantelpieces, and above it (Fig. 14) the enormous garter-encircled arms are surely an insertion of this somewhat



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14.—THE DRAWING-ROOM. (C.)

"COUNTRY LIFE."

influence of Grinling Gibbons on the English school of wood-carvers, and this was pre-eminent under William III. James Smith may therefore have been employed at Hamilton very much about the same time as at Melville. That, however, is not certain, for in 1672 a payment of £861 2s. 8d. was made by the Duke to "Ye Carters and Quarriers for loading and winning stone," while in 1676 Andrew Gofts charges £1,542 19s. 8d. "for furnishing your Gr^s House." Work, therefore, was certainly going on at Hamilton when Sir William Bruce was altering Holyrood. But this was probably not the main building as carried out by James Smith and still surviving (Fig. 4). The northern unequal towers and the hollow square form show his retention of much of the plan and substance of the Elizabethan house. The north side, as seen in Forsyth's "Beauties of Scotland," was very

megalomaniac person, the oval here, as still at Holyrood, being originally filled by a portrait. Again, in the dressing-room (Fig. 9) the little mantelpiece, though of a most delightful green marble, does not harmonise with its environment as does that in the third room (Fig. 5), where the bolection moulded



15.—ONE OF THE DOORWAYS IN THE WINGS.

fire arch is surmounted by an old looking-glass in two bevelled sections, the junction covered with a scalloped and engraved strip of glass usual at a time when the Vauxhall works had not reached the stage of producing large plates. To the right of this fireplace are the portraits of the first Earl of Arran and his wife, while above it we see represented the fifth Duke,



16.—DATE STONE OF THE ELIZABETHAN HOUSE.



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17.—RUINS OF CADYOW.

"C.L."

who must have intended but never carried out a transformation planned by William Adam. But the eighteenth century history of the Hamiltons and their house we will leave till later.
H. AVRAY TIPPING.

MR. YATES THOMPSON'S MANUSCRIPTS

By CHARLES WHIBLEY.

FEW more beautiful collections have ever been dispersed than the collection which will come to the hammer in June. Mr. Yates Thompson, who has made it and described it, made up his mind in no spirit of flippancy to separate the hundred works of art which have long been companions. He confesses that some there are who think they should be kept together, and answers that, since each of them is rare enough and lovely enough to stand by itself, he would rather that they should come to the hands of those who appreciated them than be merged in a museum. "I have decided, therefore," says he, "that these precious manuscripts, which have been to me of such absorbing interest, shall go, in the words of Edmond de Goncourt, *aux héritiers de mes goûts*." It is to be hoped that the *héritiers* will be worthy the trust reposed in them.

It is impossible to look at the specimens given us in Mr. Yates Thompson's wonderful catalogue without half a regret that the art of printing was ever invented. When reading was a luxury it was luxuriously indulged. It was not for what was said in the written and ornamented page that the happy owners of ancient manuscripts turned over their coloured leaves. The mere aspect was a delight, and the reader had the satisfaction of knowing that his treasure

was his own and unique, that he shared its possession with none other. So the art flourished for many hundreds of years, and still lived in its beauty after the invention of printing. In Mr. Yates Thompson's collection there are manuscripts which were written and adorned in the ninth century, and which show, with the Byzantine influence, the large simplicity of a simple age.

Manuscripts have their histories, of far greater interest than the histories of books. Treasured in religious houses or made heirlooms of the great, they have fallen into modern hands by one or another mysterious accident. There are two Books of Hours in Mr. Yates Thompson's collection which have come together again after a long separation and many vicissitudes, and which for a just and reasonable sentiment should not be parted. About the year 1433 John Talbot, the first Earl of Shrewsbury, married for his second wife Margaret Beauchamp, daughter of Thomas Earl of Warwick. At their marriage each of them, bride and bridegroom, had a Book of Hours painted, probably in Normandy. And the two manuscripts, afterwards possessed by Mr. Yates Thompson, thus began their lives together. Thirty years later John Talbot was killed at Chatillon by a mob of Bretons, and it is supposed that the book, fallen from the holsters, was picked up on the field. What happened to it

for four hundred years is an unpierced mystery. All that is known is that presently, about 1860, it was discovered in a book-shop at Nantes and came into the library of M. Firmin Didot, at whose sale it was purchased by Mr. Yates Thompson. But—and here may be traced the sure hand of Fate—Mr. Yates Thompson was already the happy owner of

collection. Here, for instance, are the letters of Cassiodorus, written for Giuliano de' Medici, brother of the famous Pope Leo X, of whose library it was once an ornament. And there is a wonderful masterpiece of Persian art, presented to Iskandar, the son of Timur, or Tamerlane the Great, a marvel of design, which was painted in 1410. What was its

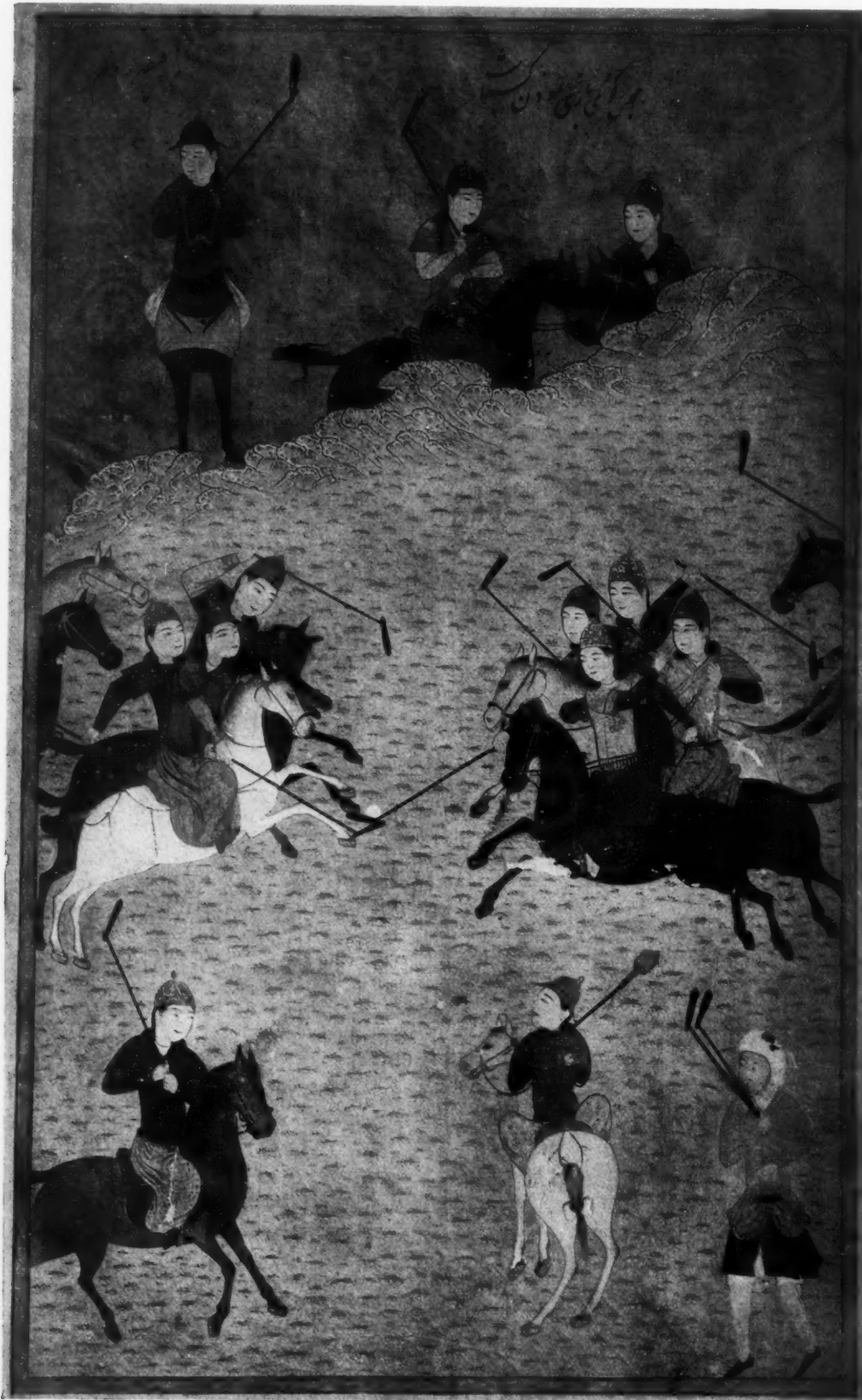
history we are not told, but, whatever happened to it, it was well cared for, and Mr. Yates Thompson found it in Paris. Who the artist was that fashioned it no one knows. It came, maybe, from Shiraz or Ispahan, or, as the wise believe, from Samarcand itself. Truly they were rewarded who took "the Golden Road to Samarcand." What says the poet, speaking for the Jews to the Master of the Caravan?

And we have manuscripts
in peacock styles,
By Ali of Damascus;
we have swords
Engraved with sterks and
apes and crocodiles,
And heavy beaten neck-
laces, for Lords.

This is no manuscript in peacock style, nor is it the work of Ali of Damascus. It is a compilation of thirty-nine books, written by two hands, intricately decorated and embellished with thirty-nine miniatures of the greatest beauty. The best of its pictures represents a game of polo, of swift movement and exquisite draughtsmanship. Gustasp and the King of Rome are among the players, and the unknown artist was surely a master of his craft.

The manuscripts, then, are as widely various as they are beautiful. They are not all legendary or religious, though in one is pictured the Siege of Troy, in another the Crossing of the Red Sea. Among them, also, are versions of Aristotle and others of the classics which were finding their way into Italy and were copied with all the decorative skill of Italian artists. It was good to read the wisdom of the Greeks for the first time. It was better still to read

it in manuscripts dexterously bordered with flowers and birds. Such was the happy fortune of the earliest scholars, and if they performed the task of editing with deliberation, they had more joy in their work than do those who are driven to the dingy use of German texts, vilely printed or German painted. Among the finest of the manuscripts is, as should be expected,



POLO IN PERSIA FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

From a Persian M.S. in the Yates Thompson Collection.

Margaret Beauchamp's Hours, of which nothing is recorded, except that in 1610 it found its way to the Monastery of St. Willebrood, at Epternach in Luxembourg.

Thus at last will the romance of the Hours be rudely interrupted, unless a sensitive collector keeps them together still. Nor are these the only legendary manuscripts in the

a perfect Boëthius "De Consolatione Philosophiæ," in French. This was a work which all men read with pleasure. Translated into every tongue, it was a table-book for men and women of every world. It is "not philosophy but consolation," Mr. W. P. Ker has said. "It is popular, it is meant for the weaker brethren." And no matter who the weaker brother was into whose hand this manuscript fell, he was happy in its possession. Not only is this writing admirable, but on the first page is a little masterpiece of landscape, a view of Paris with the Pont du Change, and hard by a portrait of Philip IV, with his counsellors about him.

The last number in the catalogue is not a manuscript, but a book, and as it is lavishly decorated, as it was printed at a time when the art of the press had not forgotten the

style and beauty of the manuscript, it may be regarded as a work of transition. Mr. Yates Thompson boldly calls it "the most magnificent book in the world," and with some justice. It is a complete edition in Latin of Aristotle's works, with the commentary of Averroes, printed by Andrea dei Torresani at Venice in 1483. Its type is the Gothic type of Jenson, and its beauty proves clearly enough that the earliest printers mastered all the secrets of their art at a bound and left it to their successors to decline from the high level of excellence to which they easily attained. Such are some of Mr. Yates Thompson's treasures, which will presently go *aux héritiers de ses goûts*, and I can only repeat the hope that they will be as piously guarded and as highly appreciated as in the past.

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.—I

BY A. CLUTTON-BROCK.

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL is not one of the largest or most famous of English cathedrals, but, inside at least, it is one of the most beautiful. That part of England, the great plain between

the Malvern Hills and the Cotswolds, is one of the chief homes of architecture in our country. It has no very large or magnificent church, but the quality of its building is not surpassed, scarcely rivalled, elsewhere. At Tewkesbury, at Pershore (now only a fragment), in Great Malvern and Little Malvern Priory Churches you feel at once a peculiar originality, not of separate features, but of every detail. They are not built in a style, but everything, down to the least moulding, is designed for its particular place and purpose. It is just as it should be without drawing attention to itself, like the language of a great writer. It has an energy of first-hand invention which proves that the builders and the masons were artists and not mere journeymen. Small as these churches are compared with the great French cathedrals, they remind one of French Romanesque and French Gothic in their logic and the power it gives to their building.

These qualities are to be found in Gloucester Cathedral in both its periods; for it is, in the main, Norman and Perpendicular, with a wonderfully successful fusion of the two, as at Tewkesbury. In the history of architecture Gloucester is

perhaps the most interesting of all English cathedrals, for it was there that the last great movement in English Gothic began, and not only began, but was carried at once to its logical extreme. Styles are often uninteresting,



THE LAVATORIUM.

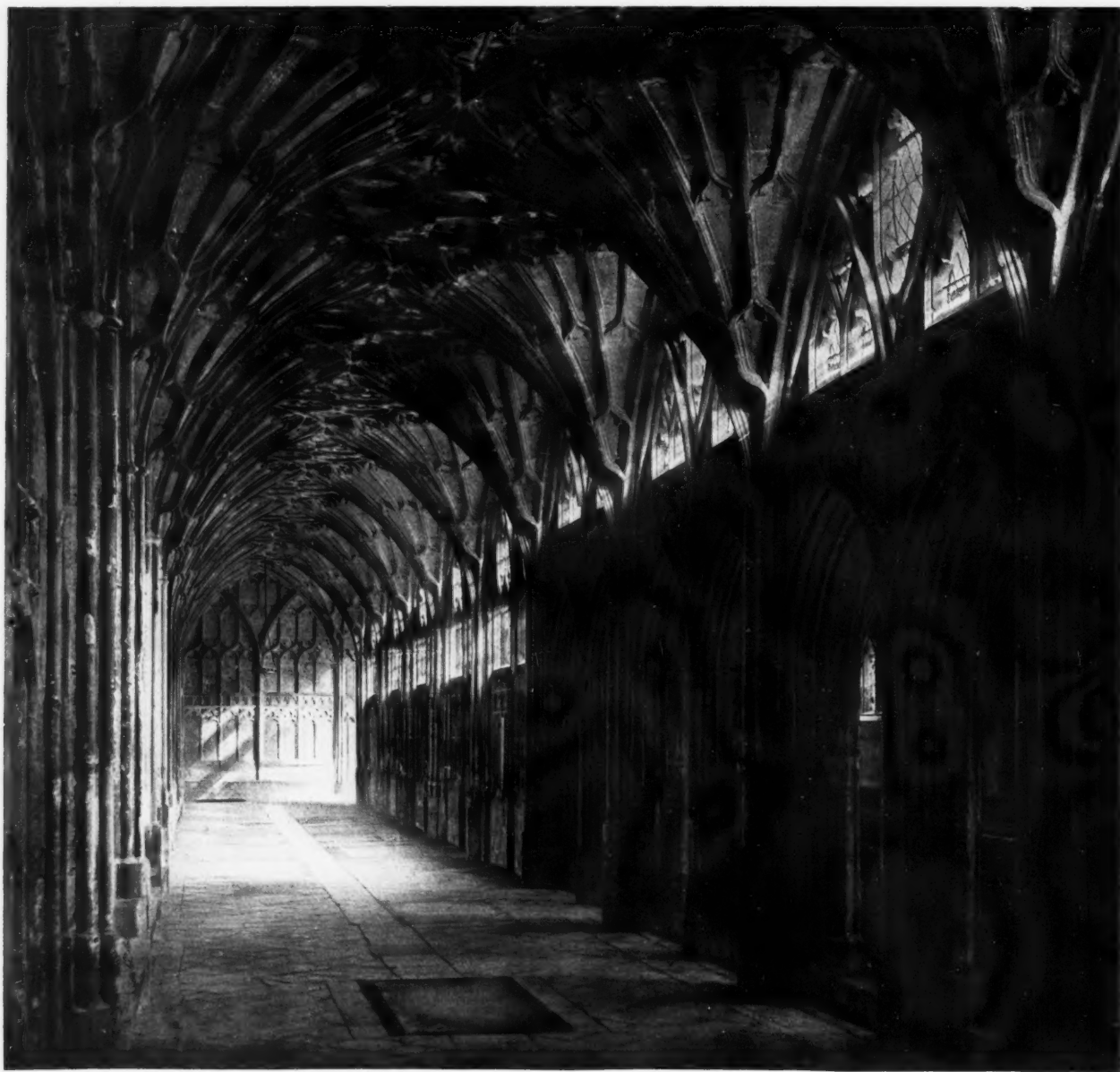
to the ordinary reader or the ordinary sightseer; he dislikes the dull names for them—Early English, Decorated, Perpendicular, etc. But at Gloucester he can hardly escape from being interested in the Perpendicular; it forces itself upon him and, however ignorant he may be, he asks himself how the choir came to be like that; and, if he has a sense of art, he wonders how it is that the choir harmonises so well with the nave, although so different from it.

The fact, of course, is that the choir is, like the nave, Norman, but transformed into the style we call Perpendicular; and it is also the first example of that style. Unlike all other forms of Gothic, it was invented at a stroke and at once carried to its logical issue at Gloucester. The choir there is the first and, on the whole, the finest Perpendicular building in the world. The builders must have been in love with the Perpendicular idea; they must have seen the point of it, all its advantages, practical and æsthetic; and they gave all these advantages to the Norman framework on which they spun their fantasy.

A Norman church is in three storeys, but, as Mr. Bond has pointed out in his "English Church Architecture," the choir of Gloucester is really in one; the great Perpendicular shafts are so prominent and rise so straight without a break from ceiling to vault that it is a choir of bays, not of storeys. Further, all the lines of the tracery between the shafts are Perpendicular; and the horizontal lines are merely an added subtlety, not an interruption, to them. The effect of the choir is all of soaring lines which curve only at the vault and there spread and branch into the dazzling pattern of the vault tracery. There is, in fact, a complete unity of effect without monotony; and all this was done, as I have said, at a stroke, before even the beginnings of the style were thought of elsewhere. It was finished by

1350, when still Decorated tracery and all the characteristics of the Decorated style prevailed over the greater part of England. Whether or no you like the Perpendicular, you must confess that the builders of Gloucester were original.

As for the reason—the practical reason—of their revolution, I must again quote Mr. Bond. He points out that with the choir of Gloucester begins the age of the glass painter and glazier. He is now the master of design, and it was he who made the Perpendicular what it is. Look eastward at Gloucester and you will see a wall of glass. Further, you will see in that wall rows on rows of figures, each as it were in its own frame, yet all connected with each other by a very simple design. But if you conceive of a church as a building made for its windows, and if they are to be ornamented with rows of figures as here, the best tracery for the windows, both structurally and to suit the figures, is that which is called the Perpendicular. Where the mullions of the windows are as straight as possible from top to bottom, with horizontal lines at intervals, they make it easy to fill the windows with these rows of figures, and, further, they help to support the arch above them. No doubt the builders and the people of that age were in love with the beauties of stained glass; they could not have too much of it; and so at Gloucester was invented a style of Gothic in which the window dominated everything. But it might have been a dull, rigid style, as sometimes it is elsewhere. At Gloucester it is neither. You may, if you like, pine for the greater variety and richness of the past; but, if you have a sense of beauty of your own, you will enjoy what Gloucester gives you—unity, energy, height, space, light: all the qualities of the greatest architecture, those qualities which, like music, make you feel that you



Frederick H. Evans.

IN THE CLOISTERS, OUTSIDE THE LAVATORIUM.

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THE MASON'S ART IN FAN VAULT AND TRACERY.

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have entered into a finer state of being and can yourself feel, think and do more than you could before. The choir of Gloucester is not only splendid, it is also religious. The saying "As sure as God's in Gloucestershire" is true here. God, in the form of beauty without flaw or misgiving, is in this choir, as at Beauvais or Bourges. It is far smaller than they are, but it has the same quality. It is a design struck out and executed without hesitation or compromise. The builders knew just what they wanted to do and did it. At that time Gloucester was a great pilgrim church;

for the murdered Edward II was buried there, and in the reign of his son pilgrims from all over England flocked to his shrine as they had flocked to the shrine of Becket at Canterbury. This stream of pilgrims meant something more than mere superstition. There was in it the Christian feeling that suffering is sacred; and out of that feeling the choir of Gloucester rose, a work unique in Gothic art because a complete invention from beginning to end, and one that changed the whole course of the art in England. But we do not know even the name of the inventor.

OUR VILLAGE

In Suffolk, where the fields are flat,
And lazy rivers seaward flow,
And on the roads grave peasants chat,
It stands remote from towns and slow;
Its cottages are built of clunch,
And someone dubbed the village "Dunch."
Tall poplars pierce the bending sky;
The rooks are chattering in the trees;
And from the church you may descry
The sabre-flash of shining seas,
Whilst ruminating cattle munch
The juicy grass round peaceful Dunch.
The Doctor's wife talks flannelette;
Miss Green says eggs are scarce and dear,
That Mrs. Black is deep in debt,
That Mr. White's a profiteer.
And while their rusks they gently crunch,
They tell of shocking things in Dunch.

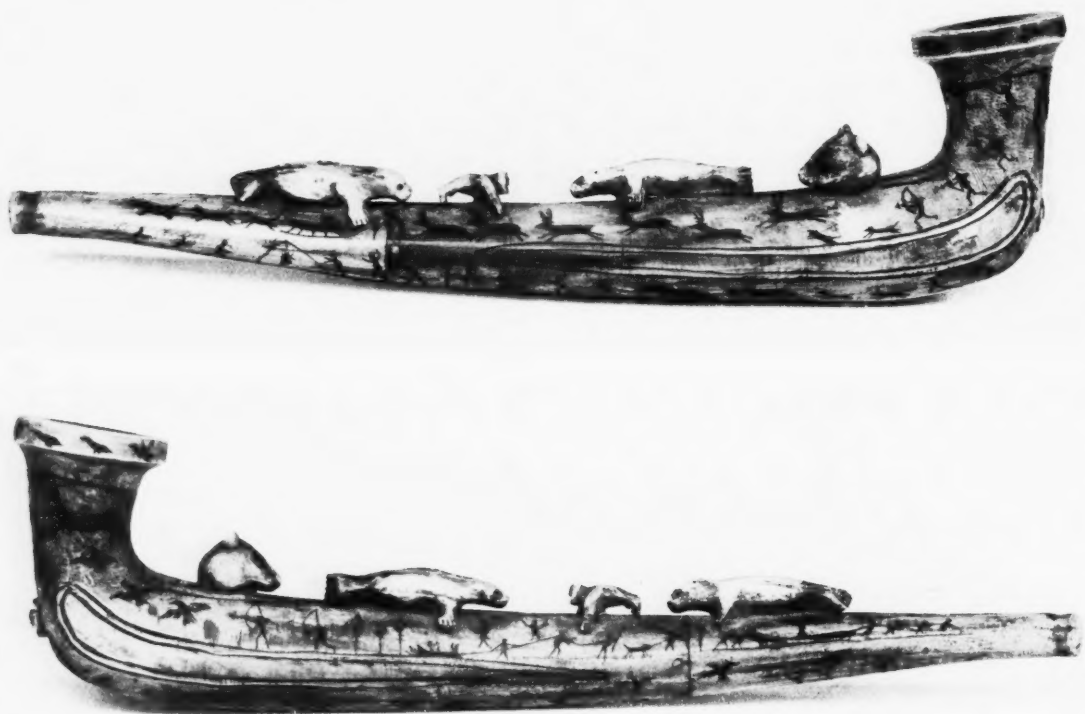
So, simple countryfolk, we live,
Content to share the common lot;
We ask no more than life can give,
We seldom pine for what is not.
Yet, spite of trivial talk at lunch,
We sent our sons to die for Dunch!

"Of course you all know Mrs. Earle?
Last month her son returned from France,
And married *such* a common girl—
They say he met her at a dance!
Her back, I'm sure, has quite a hunch:
She will not be received in Dunch."
"They say the Judds have gone to Town."
"My dear, those girls are very bold.
Their brother brings his comrades down,
And Ethel is engaged, I'm told."
"Well, she's the nicest of the bunch,
And there are plenty left in Dunch."
Sometimes the Rector comes to tea,
And tells us round the steaming brew
How Mrs. Bates has housemaid's knee,
How all the Smiths have got the 'flu;
Then reads us jokes from last week's *Punch*—
We laugh at nothing low in Dunch.

J. CUTHBERT SCOTT.

THE ART OF THE ESQUIMAUX.—IV

By D'ARCY WENTWORTH THOMPSON. ILLUSTRATED BY GRACE CRUTTWELL AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.



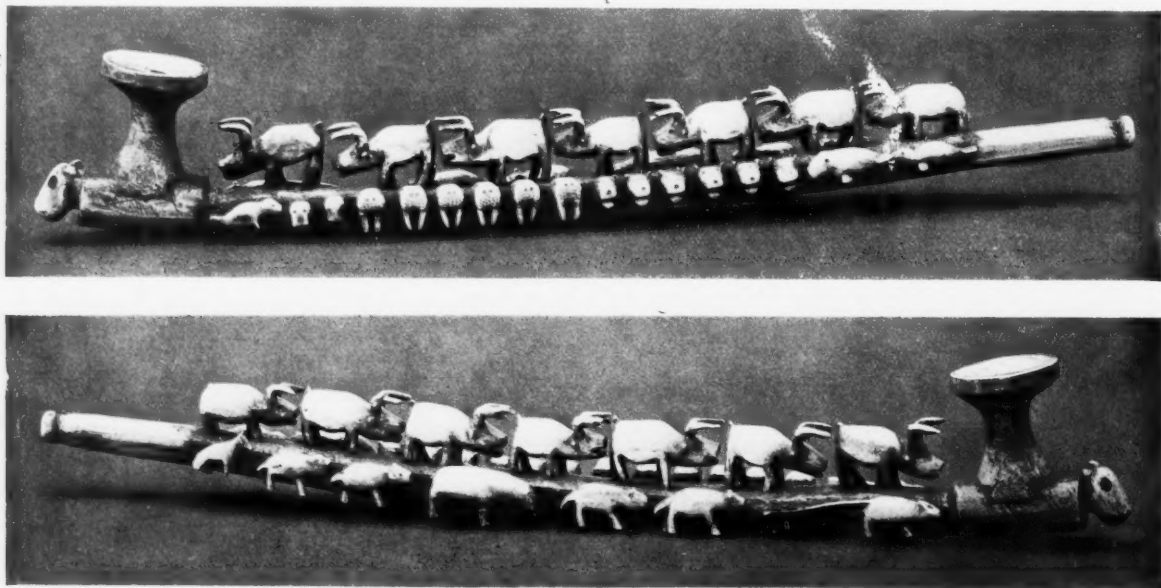
52.—An ivory pipe, with carved seals, etc., and etched hunting scenes.

WE pass from the primitive, but highly decorated tools, which we have just been describing, and come to the most elaborate objects in the collection, a set of Esquimaux pipes. Infinite labour and great skill have been spent upon them, but only a small number look to me like things made for the use of ordinary men. For the most part, these pipes are made—or said to be made—in the neighbourhood of St. Michael's, for sale to traders; but, as Dr. Hoffmann says, this does not impair (or impairs very little) the value of their pictographic records. "Though the pipes may be shaped, to a limited extent, in imitation of foreign shapes, yet the pictography remains Esquimaux, made by an Esquimaux, and to portray Esquimaux scenes and avocations."

They are mostly of walrus ivory, a few among the older ones being of mammoth. They are long and rather heavy, with a thickish mouthpiece and a very tiny hollow in the

bowl. They must be smoked after the Japanese fashion—two or three whiffs, and then the ash is tapped out and the little bowl is ready to be filled again.

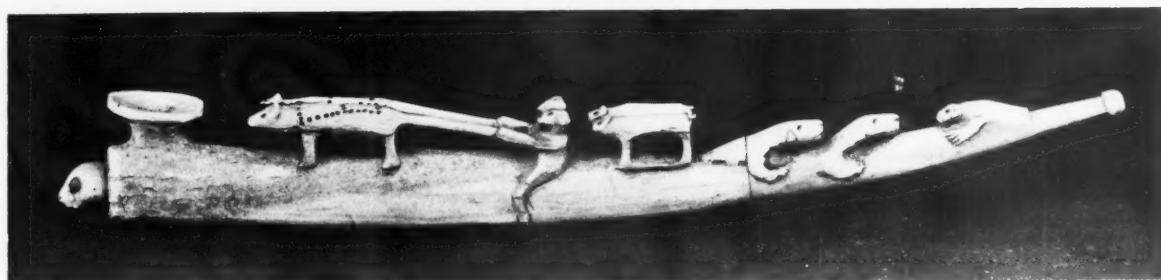
Our first pipe (Fig. 52) is a very interesting one; it looks like the real thing, made for use and not for sale. The stem is very thick at the further end and curves up into the bowl, all, save only the rim of the bowl, being made of a single piece of ivory. I think it is of mammoth ivory, though it might just possibly have been got out of a walrus tusk of exceptional size and thickness. On the upper side or edge of the stem are four figures in high relief. One is an animal's head, something like a fox's, but with very large eyes and a muzzle too short and broad; the prominent upright ears are made of little separate pieces, very neatly fitted in. I think this "fox" is a charm or mascot of some sort; and so is a little human face or mask on the front end of the pipe.



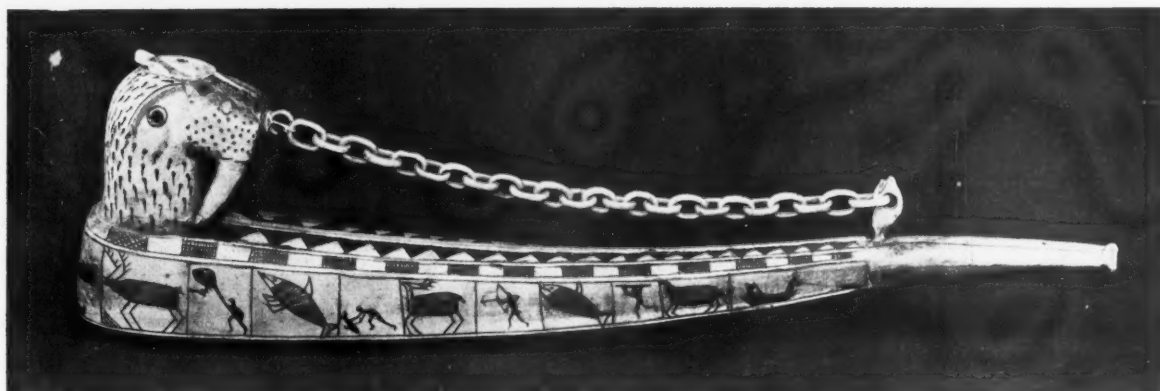
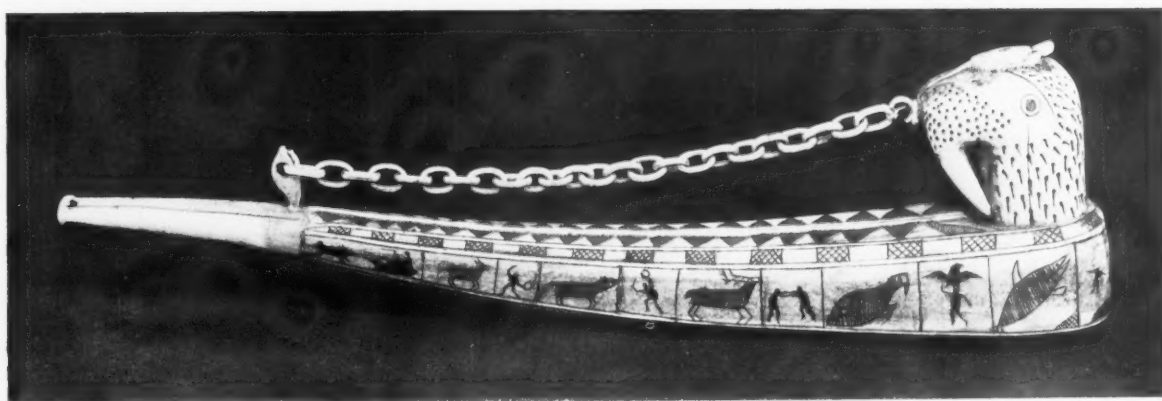
53.—Pipe of ivory, with reindeer, etc., in high relief.



55.—Ivory pipe, with etchings of games and hunting scenes.



54.—Roughly carved pipe, with dogs and men and swimming bears, etc.



56.—Large pipe of walrus ivory, showing Russian influence.

The other three figures show a hunter creeping on all fours between two seals. The heads of the seals are delicately carved, the whiskers are nicely indicated; the outstretched flippers with the little stumpy tail between, and also the fore-paws, are very lifelike indeed. The stem of the pipe is gay with pictures. A couple of caribou are trotting round the bowl, and men with lances are in pursuit. On one side, we begin with two archers near a little group of trees shooting their long barbed arrows into a flight of birds; they are not sea-birds, but probably some sort of willow-grouse or ptarmigan. Then comes a group of men hauling on the carcass of a bear, while others run to help them, and one in front leads a dog by a leash and carries the spears. Near the mouthpiece men are dragging a boat ashore, while others shove behind, and one stands up in the boat and gives directions. On the other side is an animated deer-hunt. The deer, with two dogs following, are stretched out at the gallop, making for a little wood, and the men are running up with their bows full drawn. The mouthpiece has a sledge and dog-team; the sledge is on high runners, the driver flourishes his long whip, and the traces of the team are put in clearly and accurately. On the under-side of the pipe are two separate rows of figures, so that the pipe bears four long pictures in all. In one an animal is caught in a trap, and men are running from all sides to secure it; it is a large beast, but its tail is too conspicuous for a bear's—let us call it a wolf. The rest of the line is mostly taken up with a chase by dogs and men—one man armed only with a bludgeon—after two large animals trotting off each with a great fish in his mouth; we may call them Polar bears this time, with little risk of being wrong. The fourth line of pictures is a whale-hunt. The great brute lies on the water, spouting furiously; four boats are coming up to him, each with four rowers and a harpooner, and the two first harpooners are ready to strike, and three frightened birds rise into the sky. The boats diminish in size as we go backward and give a look of perspective, but this may be accidental, or unintentional, and due only to the gradual tapering of the pipe-stem.

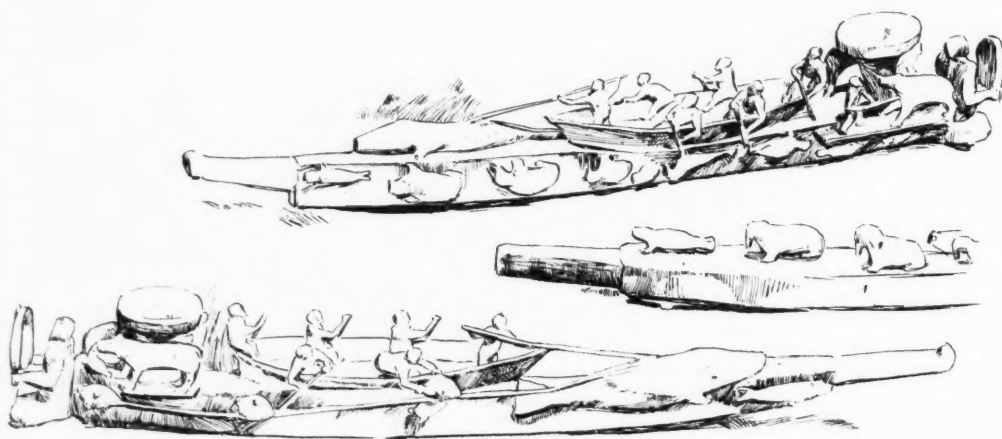
The next pipe (Fig. 53), which looks as old, or nearly so, as the other, is an extraordinary piece of carving. It is, I am pretty sure, of mammoth ivory, and the long stem is decorated with a great number of figures in three rows above and at the two sides, all carved in highest relief out of the solid piece. On one side we have what looks like a hunter's tally. We see a row of eight walrus heads, of which six are large tusked (but not all of the same size), and two others, again of different sizes, are tuskless females. Then come six heads of Polar bears. At each end of the long row is a seal; and between the bears and the seal is a small whale, probably a White whale, or beluga. On the other side of the pipe is, firstly, a dog-sledge, with one dog, harnessed as usual by a single line. Two other dogs follow, then comes a Polar bear; and behind is a very characteristic fox, seated and watching the procession. The great feature of this pipe is a file of seven reindeer, head to tail, facing towards the bowl. At first sight they seem all exactly alike, but when we look again we see that they are all different. The legs of no two are in quite the same position; the antlers are slightly, but sufficiently, varied; the sculptor has put into every one of them some pretty touch, in the form of the head and contour of the body.

Our next is a rough one, and needs little description (Fig. 54). Two men, whose legs grasp the pipe-stem, are being pulled along by dogs; the sled, if there were one, is not to be seen. The best thing in the pipe is a couple of bears, half-submerged in the water, swimming towards a seal. The attitude and expression of the swimming bears are good.

Next (Fig. 55) we have a large pipe of walrus ivory, fresh and new, and obviously, I should say, made not to smoke but to sell. The bowl is very tiny indeed, and has

no marks of use. Round the flat upper portion are four fishes swimming, and one of them is a good picture of a skate. In front of the bowl is a man's figure, unusually well done, with a hooded tunic and the hood drawn close round the face. The stem of the pipe is not rounded as usual, but angular, giving four flat faces for etching on. One shows a hunting scene; and the men, whose white faces are conspicuous, are armed with guns. There is a house, with windows, and near it one hunter is stooping down, another in a sitting posture is taking aim, while a couple of deer, old and young, are coming towards them. Another man has just shot his deer; and yet another is stalking a grazing deer round the edge of a little separate facet or bevel in the ivory. The grazing deer, with great antlers and stooping head, is the best figure of the lot. On the other side is a herd of deer, apparently tame, for men are lassoing them with but little trouble, and one man is holding his deer by the horns. Two other men are drinking (tea?), and a very modern kettle stands on the table between. Next we have a long pack-train of heavily laden sledges, some pulled by dogs, and some by men; the men feel their way with long sticks, the harness of the dogs is represented in detail. The last of the four pictures is the most curious of all. It seems to be a dance and a carnival: there is drinking out of bottles, there are strange gymnastic exercises. One man, with bent knees, half supported by two others, seems to be doing a violent dance, a Russian dance, very nearly as I have seen the natives on Copper Island do it. But the rest of the games and contortions are dark to me.

We may just glance at the next pipe, which is a strange and unusual one (Fig. 56). The hollow of the bowl is



57.—A small pipe of walrus ivory, with finely carved whale-hunt.

comparatively large, such as could only be filled by the wealthy; and has a neat lid, fitting by a hinge. The bowl itself is in the shape of a walrus head, very neatly carved, but not very correct; the tusks are pointing the wrong way, bent back along the neck. A little chain of ivory, beautifully carved out of one piece, links the bowl to a peg near the mouthpiece. On the base and sides of the pipe are various etchings of the usual type, save that those on the sides are in separate panels; among the less usual figures is a man with a sort of bat-fowling net, trying to capture a bird. Of the pictures on the underside, the chief scene is one of seine-fishing. Two boats are drawing the ends of the great net together, and the net is full of fishes, easily recognisable as salmon. The upper side of the pipe-stem lacks the usual pictographs, but is closely covered with a geometrical pattern. It is easy to see that this pipe is designed under Russian influence; the Russian art is mingled with the Esquimaux, and even the walrus head has a Russian style or expression.

Our last pipe (Fig. 57) is the most curious and elaborate of all; it is also the smallest. It is devoid of etchings, but it is carved in the highest relief, and depicts for the most part a single scene. A Shaman sits in front of the bowl with his magic drum—a "drum ecclesiastic," which plays a great part, as among the Laplanders, in the religious ceremonial of the Esquimaux. The rest of the sculpture portrays a whale-hunt. There are six men in a large open boat, or *bidarka*, without thwarts, four of them sitting down to paddle, one aft to steer. A standing figure in the bow has just harpooned a small whale about the size of the boat itself, probably a beluga, and the cub is swimming in front of its wounded mother. A long line of buoys or "drags" trails

after the whale, attached presumably to a previous harpoon. The drags, four of them on the line, are very neatly represented. They are made of inflated sealskins, tied up at the neck (and in this case at the forefeet also), like old Greek or Italian leather bottles (*cf.* Fig. 58); and one of the boat's crew is holding on to, or, perhaps, fixing on, one of the drags. On the other side of the pipe is a group of seals and walrus in varied attitudes, some swimming and some on land. On either side of the bowl are two little subordinate groups; in one a man is spearing a Polar bear, in the other the bear has just caught a seal by the head, and is tossing it as a dog tosses a cat. Now, just as we found the former pipe to show obvious traces of Russian art, so this one, we should be at once inclined to declare, is full of suggestion of Japanese. The open boat, with a varied crew of gods or men, is a common *motif* of the Japanese artist. I saw, only the other day, in a window in Bond Street a Japanese walrus ivory that reminded me at once of this Esquimaux one. But I have also seen Japanese carvings of whale-fishing, and they were no more drawn from Esquimaux models than are such Esquimaux carvings necessarily taken from the Japanese. All I should say is, that this pipe *may* have been suggested by some Japanese carving, in the hands, perhaps, of one of the many Japanese fishermen who frequent various parts of the Behring Sea. But, I think, it is not very probable; and, rightly or wrongly, I am more inclined to take it that this beautiful and delicate work of art is true Esquimaux art at its very best, and that its kinship with the Japanese is not due to imitation but is real "kinship," the outcome of a common origin, of similarity of taste, of identical intuition.

The reader who would care to see more of this sort of thing will find many Esquimaux pipes figured in Dr. Hoffmann's paper, to which I have so often referred. There are very good and curious ones among them; but there is nothing, I think, near so choice and rare and delicate as this last that I have described.

The next, and almost the last of the objects before us, is a mug, or drinking cup (Fig. 59). It is made out of one of the skeletal bones of a whale, and its anatomy puzzled me at first, but now it is plain enough. The bone is one of the hinder vertebræ, from near the root of the tail. The flatter side of the cup was the upper side of the vertebra, from which the "arch" enclosing the spinal marrow has been cut and smoothed away. Out of one of the "transverse processes" a handle has been carved. The surface of the bone is little altered; the soft bone within is completely hollowed out; the bottom of the cup shows clearly enough the oval, somewhat heart-shaped outline of the end of the original vertebra. There is no ornament at all, except that towards the mouth of the cup the bone is thinned and smoothed away, but less for ornament than to fit the edge for comfort in drinking.

A very different, and much more beautiful thing (Fig. 60) comes next and last; in all my small collection it is my

plumb and nicely balanced. The handle is decorated with dotted or nucleated circles in a symmetrical pattern like those on the backs of the little seals which we described before, and which we then supposed to mean something symbolic, something more than mere ornament. Dr. Hoffmann figures a somewhat similar dipper, also of mammoth ivory; but it is not so large as mine, nor so finely shaped.

I look upon this thing with something akin to awe and reverence. To hew it with poor tools out of the solid tusk



58.—A buoy, or "drag," of inflated sealskin, after Hoffmann.

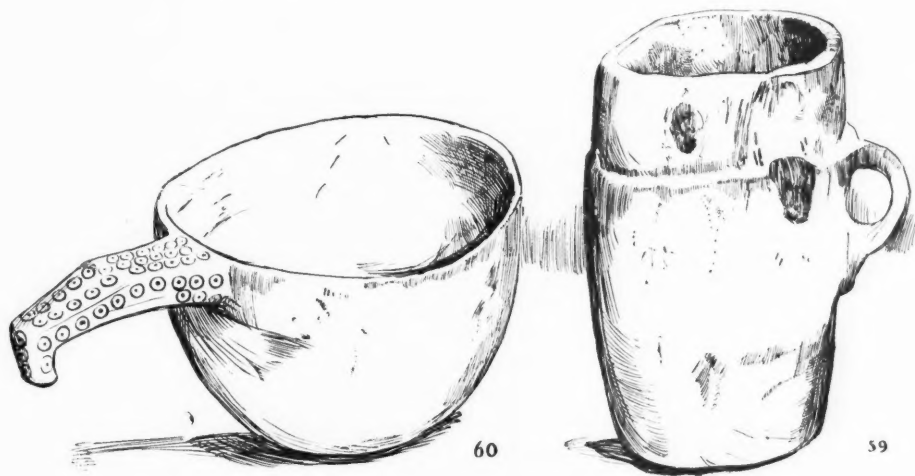
must have been the labour of many years. To shape the bowl, to grade the edge, to smooth the surface into its beautiful curves took the eye of a real artist and a brain ever on the watch against a false movement of the hand. Even the least of our Esquimaux carvings is a testimony to patience; the things are taken about on long hunting expeditions, and work upon them beguiles the hours when the hunter is waiting for his game; the long night of winter is devoted to them; they are handed down, at last, from one generation to another. As Mr. Turner says: "These sculptures are not made in a day, week or month; many objects are not completed in years, and many of them are life-histories of the individual. The Inuit is never in a hurry, and each thinks he has a lifetime before him."

This dipper reminds me of another story. Many years ago I was taken to visit an old woman in Aberdeen who lived in a small house hard by King's College in the High Street of the Old Town. She was poor, and made her living by letting lodgings to students; but she had in her tiny house a collection of jade worth a king's ransom. The things had all been brought home by her sailor husband, long since dead, and they were part of the splendid loot of the Summer Palace—that loot of which some of us still think with shame, for it was the greatest spoliation and destruction of an incomparable treasure-house since the burning of the Alexandrine Library. The old wife would never part with one bit of it all, in spite of many handsome offers; but I am sure that when she died the collectors were on the watch. There were many beautiful things, such as one may see in the great

collections, cups and plates and screens, of various sorts and shades of jade, and richly decorated. But of all the lot there was one that seemed most wonderful to me. It was a small plain bowl or porringer, of blackest jade, about as big as a small sugar-basin. Emperors, I doubt not, had eaten from it. It was of exquisite shape, but absolutely plain; it was smooth as glass, and hollowed out as thin as a porcelain cup. It is terrible to think of the years of toil, it is wonderful to think of the strong but delicate hands that wrought that miracle of simplicity, that brought that lump of jade, the hardest material almost, save the diamond, that man's

hands ever touch, to its perfect shape and exquisite tenacity. But that artist craftsman of old China had his fellow, and well-nigh his match, up there by the shore of the Arctic Sea in the fur-clad "eater of raw fish" who found the great tusk of a frozen mammoth, and who year by year scraped and carved it into an ivory cup as rare as the jade porringer of an emperor, as fine as the golden goblet of a king.

(Previous instalments appeared in the issues of May 10th, 17th and 31st.)



60 and 59.—A ladle, or "dipper," of mammoth ivory; a drinking-cup, made of a whale's vertebra.

greatest treasure. It is a ladle, or "dipper," carved out of a huge mammoth tusk. It is old and yellowed and, carefully as it has been worked, it shows (especially within) the marks of the rude tools with which it was made. The bowl is nearly hemispherical, about 5 ins. across, slightly raised at the ends, a little sagging at the sides. The handle is square, bevelled off above and rounded below, and terminates in a square hook by which the thing may be hung up; and it hangs

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK

Old and New Masters, by Robert Lynd. (T. Fisher Unwin, Limited.)

MR. LYND of late has been achieving fame of a sort. It would, on the whole, have been of a good sort but for the fact that he was tempted to do a little of what Stevenson called "body snatching" over the grave of George Meredith. It will readily be accepted as a sign of repentance that he has not included his victim in the list of *Old and New Masters*. The title appears extremely journalistic when we consider the variety of literary personages it is made to cover. Apparently to the critic Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc stand on an equal footing with Jane Austen and Mr. T. Hardy. James Elroy Flecker would have laughed at being greeted with a title which seems very grudgingly applied to William Wordsworth. But the main characteristic of Mr. Lynd as it is disclosed in these essays is an extraordinary faculty for missing the essential and dealing with details. He does not seem to be possessed of that love of literature for its own sake which makes the reader rejoice in what is fine and forget the ineptitudes of which even genius may at times be guilty. One has only to read the little essay on Jane Austen, which is placed in the forefront of the studies, to recognise the truth of what is said. It is headed "Jane Austen: Natural Historian"—a most extraordinary phrase to apply to the greatest woman novelist in our language. It might with equal appropriateness be used to describe the prophet Ezekiel or Nat Gould.

Of Jane Austen, again, it is said that there is more caste snobbishness in her novels than in any other fiction of equal genius. "She, more than Thackeray, is the novelist of snobs." It is clear enough that Mr. Lynd cannot place himself in the eighteenth century shoes of his subject. Jane Austen, as a matter of fact, had not a touch of snobbishness in her nature. She painted on her little canvas the life she saw around her, and she did it with insight and sympathy and, what is of more consequence, with a pure delight in the art of it. That pure delight is just what Mr. Lynd invariably misses in every writer. There is a dreary article on Wordsworth in which everything is discussed except the miracle by which the poet could make the reader actually feel the sleep that is among the lonely hills and the sunshine falling upon Westminster Bridge on a summer morning. That is the memorable thing about Wordsworth. The rest is but leather and prunella. That he could be prosy, that he was self-concentrated and self-sufficient, that he lost some at least of the generous enthusiasm of his youth, and that his simplicity often degenerated into the merely ludicrous, are facts which only make more astounding his power as a high priest and interpreter of Nature. But, to use a word which is dotted all over this book, Mr. Lynd is "obsessed" by politics and only recognises the pure streams of poetry so far as he is compelled to bow to them by convention.

The most acute chapter is that devoted to Henry James, who, however, is unjustly labelled "the novelist of grains and scruples." One can only protest against this vulgar habit of using nicknames. Perhaps the worst example is that of calling Browning "the Poet of Love." "One might say of him," says Mr. Lynd, "that there never was another poet in whom there was so much of the obsession of love and so little of the obsession of sex." It will be noticed that he gets his favourite word in twice in one small sentence. But surely among Browning's many excellent gifts the art of depicting love cannot be numbered at all. He never wrote a love song that can be placed beside those of Burns. There is no passage in his works comparable in its tenderness and regret to

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

There is no hero or heroine who stands out in his imaginary world as the figure of the perfect lover, no character that could be placed for a moment beside the creation of the Abbé Provost, to say nothing of the Romeos and Juliets, the Cleopatras and Imogens of a real master. When Mr. Lynd praises it is generally for the wrong thing. For example, he takes a passage from Mr. G. K. Chesterton—vigorously written, it is true, but really ill informed—in which we are told that during the eighteenth century, when Trafalgar and Waterloo were being fought, the family of the oligarchs, as he calls them, was founded on stealing and it was stealing still. Punningly he puts it: "The Commons were destroying

the commons." But this brilliant passage, as Mr. Lynd calls it, is really only fireworks. Nobody who has studied the history of agriculture would contend for a moment that the enclosure of commons was not a necessity if the soil was to be made more productive. It was advocated by Arthur Young, who had no personal motive to serve. At the same time it was a matter for regret among the thoughtful that more adequate means were not adopted for compensating the dispossessed commoners and giving them some adequate connection with the land in return for that which they had to give up owing to the force of circumstances. The question has been argued over and over again from that time to this, and there is plenty of room for differences of opinion, but it is certain that any sweeping assertion such as that which is so highly praised is bound to be wrong and is calculated to do more harm than good.

Villon appears here labelled "the genius of the tavern," but in spite of that misnomer he is written about with more sympathy than one would expect. The comparison between Villon in the original and Rossetti's translation shows Mr. Lynd at his best.

Compare the opening lines in the original and in the translation, and you will see the difference between the sincere expression of a vision and the beautiful writing of an exercise. Here is Villon's beginning:

Dictes-moy où, n'en quel pays,
Est Flora, la belle Romaine ?
Archipiade, ne Thais,
Qui fut sa cousine germaine ?

And here is Rossetti's jaunty English:

Tell me now in what hidden way is
Lady Flora, the lovely Roman ?
Where's Hipparchia, and where is Thais,
Neither of them the fairer woman ?

There is more real criticism in the phrase "jaunty English" than in the most elaborate of these studies. The undoubted cleverness of the author is occupied more with spots and blemishes than in unfolding the beautiful.

Jungle Peace, by William Beebe. (Witherby, 8s. net.)

THIS is certainly one of the most remarkable books of the day; its reception in the United States was such that six impressions were called for in two months, and there can be little doubt that it will be widely demanded in this country. The jungle described is that of Guiana, which, to the author, after serving as an airman on the western front, seemed a veritable haven of peace. He has a happy knack of comparing in detail the quiet and spaciousness of the jungle with the turmoil and confinement of the city, and the lives and performances of birds, beasts and insects with those of *homo sapiens*. Few books could be more difficult to summarise. The natural history element throughout is assertive, but we are given vivid little pen pictures of such diverse subjects as life on board ship, a French mulatto pharmacist, a Georgetown law court, a coolie spiritualist professor, a stifling railway journey, the Berbice library, a wilderness laboratory, a Hindustani wedding and a convict-made trail.

The most interesting chapters dealing with natural history are, perhaps, those concerning the Hoatzin, the bird whose peculiar arboreal habits have been handed down through all the ages past, from the time when reptiles were the dominant beings, and birds and mammals only crept about. The story of the capture of the Bushmaster snake is thrilling, and the description of an encounter with army ants—those Huns of the jungle—justifies the comparison. The chapter entitled, "A yard of jungle," tells how the author watched one particular tree for a whole day, during which it was visited by no less than seventy-six different species of birds. In the evening he dug up four square feet of mould from the base of the tree and a week later, when on board ship, he pored over this collection of debris with forceps and lens. He discovered, as a Gulliver in Lilliput, a world of little people, and before the vessel docked he had identified over five hundred creatures of this lesser cosmos. The extraordinary account of the sleeping parlour of certain gorgeous tropic butterflies is remarkable, as is the story of the big luminous beetle, which, when placed for concealment in a gun barrel, with a handkerchief as stopper, only turned the weapon into a long-handled flashlight. The above notes must serve as an indication of the contents of a book which has been described as a book of Nature's miracles, written by a scientist working in the least known of natural wonderlands. It would be impossible to give a catalogue of the new visions of wonderment which the author conjures up on every page.

As has been said, the book was received with acclamation in the United States. It is dedicated to Colonel and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, both personal friends of the author. The late Colonel Roosevelt, in his review of the book in *The New York Times* of October 13th, 1918, claimed that "in language it has all the charm of an essay of Robert Louis Stevenson." This is high praise, indeed, and if we were called upon to find fault with the book, it would be to complain that it is written throughout in American rather than in English. The use of certain phrases strikes our ears harshly and such words as "squdge" we have failed to find in any English dictionary. But, barring this defect, we cordially recommend Mr. Beebe's book to the readers of *COUNTRY LIFE*.

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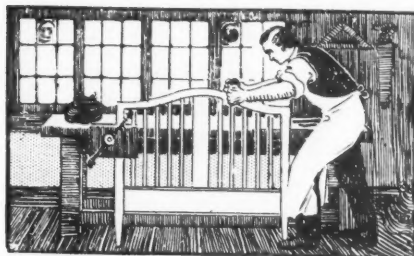
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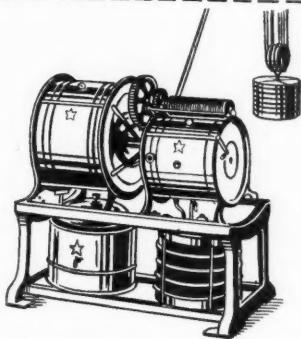
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AGENCIES INVITED.

Pelman News.

"What Man has done, Man can do."

RAP! RAP!! RAP!!!

There will be a knock on your door this morning. Open the door at once. Opportunity is waiting on the other side. It waited yesterday. Perhaps you did not hear.

Think what a bleak prospect life would be if opportunity only knocked at your door once in a lifetime!

Who will dare to accuse Opportunity of lack of persistence to-day?

Opportunity is knocking now as never before—loudly, imperatively. Her summons is like the continuous drumming of a Lewis gun.

But the Dismal Jimmies are about. They are blind to opportunity. They get together in lugubrious clusters and say: "See, the world is in the melting pot. Everything is changing—everything is fluid—nothing is stable—nothing is established. Who knows what to-morrow will bring forth? We must prepare for the gravest eventualities." And so on and so forth.

The Dismal Jimmies are wrong. When things are changing—in a state of flux—then opportunity raps loud and often. It is easier to mould clay to your design than it is to carve stone. Apply that to life.

In social life, in the business world, in the professions, in industry, in every ramification of commerce, the old shibboleths have disappeared. New avenues are opened, barriers are being thrust aside. All the time Opportunity is thundering at your door. The chances you missed yesterday are being offered you again to-day.

Look around on Life. Look with all your eyes; listen with all your ears, plan with all your mind. Take hold of To-day with both hands and a bright brain and make it yield a great To-morrow.

Opportunity never tires of knocking; but the quicker you answer, the quicker you will reach your desire.

£1,000 A YEAR AT 26.

By GEORGE HENRY.

We were sitting in the club lounge after lunch the other day and the talk had turned to the wonderful possibilities that modern Business offers the young man.

"The business world is simply crying out for men of mental energy," said Baines. "Any young man—and, for the matter of that, any young woman too—who can bring an efficient mind to bear upon business problems is sure of a well-paid job to-day. There's a young chap sitting in the corner over there—d'ye see him? Doesn't look brilliant does he? Just an ordinary personality—a young man of 26. Looks keen in a quiet way, eh? Speak to him and you'll find that his mind is *alive*."

His brain begins a search for ideas before he gets his shaving water in the morning, and doesn't leave off before he closes his eyes to sleep—even then I'll wager there's some part of his mental apparatus at work.

"One firm alone pays that young chap £1,000 a year for giving ideas."

"And I've no doubt he's worth every penny of it," chimed in the managing director of a well-known manufacturing firm. "We've a young fellow very much in the same boat. He came to us in quite a minor position, something in the stock room. He hadn't been with us three months before he was in my room one day with a scheme for increasing output, worked out to the smallest detail. In six months he'd proved himself, and frankly I'd pay him double his present very liberal salary if he asked for it."

"Too many young men believe that brains are born, not made. They are content to accept the theory that genius is a gift from the gods. As a matter of fact, genius is just super-mental-efficiency. And any mind except a diseased mind can attain it. The most definite proof of

the claim is this Pelmanism movement. Some of you are sceptical of Pelmanism; but let me tell you that Pelmanism has done more to bring men and women to a realisation of their powers and possibilities than any other educational factor.

"That young man I spoke of just now—I asked him once how it was that he, who on his own showing, had never aspired to more than a 'thirty-bob-a-week job,' how it was that he became fired with enthusiasm for my business, how it came about that he gripped the details so well in so short a time, how he plucked up the courage to beard me in my own den. His answer came readily and simply. 'I discovered Myself—I underwent a course of Pelmanism.'"

"Believe me, the quickest, the easiest, and the most certain way to get those qualities *in excelsis* is—'Pelmanise.'"

"Why are you so keen about Pelmanism?" asked Baines, as the circle broke up.

"Well, between ourselves," answered the Managing Director, "I'm a Pelmanist myself."

THE FLEDGLING'S HOUR.

By NOEL A. RHYS.

To-day there are thousands of young officers in the Royal Air Force, whose future success depends upon their grasping the hand of Opportunity. Since the Armistice, life in the R.A.F. has been practically stagnant, everyone who had a profession to go back to went back, and there remain thousands of youngsters who went straight from school to the Air Force—waiting for something to turn up.

Jobs are not like thistles in Scotland. I do not suppose there will be more than one thousand commercial pilots at the end of this year, and it is only the fellow who is able to "keep his chin up" and tackle the great Opportunity "on all fours" who will be able to get there.

Ten thousand applicants for a thousand jobs, a chance of ten to one against. The fellow with steadiness, courage, dare-determinedness, and can "burn a hole in things" will get the job. The fellow who is able to climb the highest pinnacle of mental efficiency will have the best chance—the fellow who makes an early friend of Opportunity will be picked out from the rut.

I know what a hard struggle there will be to "make good" in commercial aviation. I have been a pilot myself, and know that all qualities which go to make a good pilot depend upon the full development of mind qualities. Concentration—Observation—Quick Perception—Self-Control—Self-Confidence—Tact—Decision—Foresight—Judgment—Initiative—Resourcefulness—Accuracy—Mental Power—are all essential.

The "wonder youth" who hopes to make a success of commercial flying must make full use of this transitional period by Pelmanising; he must realise that Opportunity will only smile kindly upon him if he can prove to the world he is better than the other fellow.

WHAT'S YOUR JOB?

"Does your job require brains?" Of course it does; every job requires brains, some more brains than others, naturally; but still, brains are required in every occupation, for no action of any sort can be taken without thought.

Whatever your particular job may be, you require not only brains, but brains which have been scientifically trained, if you are to fill that job efficiently; and so hundreds of thousands of men and women engaged in over 1,600 different occupations have found.

This is the secret of the universal appeal of Pelmanism. Pelmanism appeals to everyone who uses their brains. It, therefore, appeals to everyone, no matter what their particular job may be.

Whatever *your* job may be, Pelmanism will enable you to do it better.

"What is your job?" You are a Judge—or a Painter—or a Solicitor—or a Doctor—or a Clergyman—or an Accountant—or an Auctioneer! Thousands of members of the legal profession, thousands of medical men, thousands of clergymen, have taken the Pelman Course and profited by the training it gives.

You are a business man! Letters from business men and women of every type, from Managing Directors to Clerks and Typists, pour into the Pelman Institute daily, telling of business benefits received, better jobs secured, and correspondingly higher pay and profits—all through Pelmanism.

You are a mechanic—a miner—a mill-worker—an engineer! Organised labour is sharing the belief of the other classes in the value of trained brains, and Pelmanists are forging to the front in every industrial centre in the Kingdom.

Thousands of men and women have doubled their efficiency by means of Pelmanism, and letters continually reach the Pelman Institute

reporting income increases of 100, 200, 300, and even 600 per cent., as a result of the increased brain-power brought about by this system.

What is your *next* job? It is to write to the Pelman Institute, 8, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1. Then by return will come a copy of "Mind and Memory," which will show you can do your present job more efficiently and rise to a higher and better paid position in life.

"SEND HIM IN."

By H. L. B.

"Tell him I can't see him to-day."

The Secretary retires. The Managing Director is very busy, and the caller has to leave without seeing him.

And yet, when ten minutes later another caller comes—a different type of man altogether—the Managing Director, although still very busy, see him at once. Moreover, he is glad to see him and talk business with him.

There are many men in the business world like this second caller—although not nearly enough of them. They are what might be called "Send Him In" men, because that is the instruction given when their names are announced. They are rarely kept waiting. They call and are instantly received. They get right through to the chief. They are welcomed when they call, and often they are able to pull off a contract in a few minutes which another man, with precisely the same proposition, might fail to secure after weeks or even months of trying.

Such men are worth their weight in gold to their firms—and to themselves. They are the men with Personality.

Now Personality, which is nothing else but the sum total of a great many valuable positive mental qualities, can be developed in just the same way as such faculties as observation, judgment, initiative, memory, and concentration. In fact, in developing these qualities you develop Personality as well.

"One learns to one's astonishment," writes one who has recently gone through a course of Pelmanism; another, "that Personality can be acquired by the right use of the simple facts and truths we begin life with; a trained mind produces character, the outcome of energy and enthusiasm, and we learn to realise our powers for good or evil, remembering that right thinking and right feeling produces right action."

Self-confidence, self-reliance, observation, initiative, tact, personality, all these and many other valuable qualities are developed by Pelmanism. That is why Pelmanists are racing to the front in every department of the National life—business, the professions, industry, and the Army and Navy. Pelmanism enables you to realise yourself, and to realise yourself in such a way that others are forced to realise what you are and of what you are capable.

THE MOST POPULAR BOOK.

By A LITERARY CRITIC.

The two most popular novelists in Britain are Nat Gould, who publishes four stories a year and is beloved by the British soldier in the ranks, and Victoria Cross, a million of whose books are said to have been sold during the war.

But, leaving out light fiction, no author has had such a wide public for years as the publicist who wrote "Mind and Memory." This volume has enjoyed the record circulation, in the last two decades, of over 3,000,000 copies! Not only have these copies been circulated—they have been read.

I have often read about "Mind and Memory," but I had never read the book itself until I received one the other day from the man who wrote it. I understand now how his mind must have been well Pelmanised before he could have crowded into thirty-two pages such a mass of interesting facts and figures, and before he could have made 3,000,000 people read a serious work.

Most serious books I have to criticise are verbose and over-written. Here is a writer who believes in his mission and then has the organised brain to preach it tersely and without the waste of a word.

The case for Pelmanism is put down briefly and so convincingly that the 3,000,000 copies issued converted 500,000 readers into convinced and ardent Pelmanists. Never surely in the history of literature has a pamphlet or a treatise of any kind—or even such propagandist fiction as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or "Lay Down Your Arms"—had such an astonishing result in comparison with the effort involved.

Take my advice: write for a free copy to:—The Pelman Institute, 8, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

If you only want to learn how to write convincingly you will find in "Mind and Memory" a lesson, for nothing.

CORRESPONDENCE

FARMERS AND AN AGRICULTURAL POLICY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your leading article on the above subject has much wise advice in it to the farmer, but, as an experienced business man who has compressed much farming experience into the last eight years, both practically and by visits to most places and farms that stand out in some way or other, I must add that there is reason for the farmer being apparently so inarticulate. In the first place, the farmer is by nature and calling conservative, and believes in old institutions, and, though to-day he complains of the Government, may still believe that the Government will even at the eleventh hour carry out the implied pledges of the Corn Production Act and maintain corn prices in relation to the minimum payments the Wages Boards allot. True, the farmer grumbles and passes resolutions against the increased wages torrent that threatens to submerge many; but I believe up till now most farmers have expected each day a statement from the Government that would make the future clear, and show that the latest fixed wages can be paid from ordinary farming profits; and it still may be so, and I for one sincerely hope so. If not, I fear once the British farmer is aroused to the fact that ruin stares him in the face through Government acts, great trouble may be expected from men with their backs to the wall. It is well for us all to realise that the majority of farms are about 100 acres, and now that a shepherd's, stockman's or carter's wages are more than the farmer made in profit on an average 100-acre farm, great changes must be expected.

I agree with your leader that an agricultural policy from the farmers to the people is our best hope, but it must be difficult for the small man (who is in the majority, remember) to imagine any policy that compels him to increase his outgoings but limits the market value of what he has to sell below its true economic value. Things would not look so difficult if staple productions had their prices standardised for a term of years, and thus give opportunity for capital to come in and cheapen production. It must not be overlooked that insufficient capital per acre is a great trouble with agriculture. In pre-war days £10 an acre was considered a fair amount of capital to embark on farming; to-day £20 an acre is the minimum it is safe to start with; and on much land, if an adequate return is looked for, £50 an acre is not too much to have available to put into live and dead stock and general tillage. I am also a supporter of good wages; in fact, workers of all sorts will not go back to the old conditions without revolution and then anarchy, which will drive them to worse conditions than pre-war days. But it cannot be too strongly understood and made public in and out of season that many workers to-day in many trades are taking advantage of higher wages to do less work. However pleasant this may be for a time, it can only lead to the ruin of our country, and eventually much harder conditions than any this generation has known for our workers both with hand and brain. It is not yet sufficiently appreciated by workers with their muscles how little brain-workers have benefited by present conditions or how useless and helpless in many ways hand-workers are without those who work with their brains. However, all this, even if useful, does not lead us very far. The real hope for agriculture, I think, must come from the individual farmer himself, as I much fear it will not come from any Government which has to exist by votes. The solution is clear and is set out in your leading article—it is *increased production*—a very easy thing to say, but not so easy of fulfilment, as it requires much additional capital per acre and great faith in one's own judgment, the future and in the results of scientific agricultural work carried out in the past, and now printed and tabulated for all to read and copy. I will now set out in a simple and non-technical way my efforts on my own farms to obtain increased production; but it must never be forgotten in agricultural work that not only do districts and counties give different results from similar treatment, but even different fields on the same farm vary to an incredible extent. First, I will deal with my operations on a weald clay farm—generally admitted, or shall I say considered, the most difficult to make money on, which is, I think, shown by the derelict condition of many in my county, and the obviously poor livelihood the small farmer struggles to wring from them with his poor-looking lot of milking cows, the minimum of arable land, and poor and late yield of hay and grazing.

This was the class of farm I gained my experience on. However, I to-day know that there was no hidden evil in them—quite the contrary. The weald clay has many advantages if only it is treated correctly according to plan. On gaining possession of one of these much maligned farms a systematic search must be made for the first-rate system of tile drains that lies beneath the ground—rumour says, placed there by Government some sixty years ago; but whoever placed them there knew their business. Ditches undug for many years must be opened out, in some cases, 3ft. deep, and then, sure enough, the tail-drain will be found, and within twelve months after the outlet is opened will begin to work slowly, a little trickle at first, but eventually in full force. Through the gateways it is generally necessary to relay them, but the difference is apparent in the first winter after they are working—no longer pools of water on the arable land all the winter, for no sooner has the rain stopped than it all goes from the surface, and a great inducement on a wet day is to go round and see these great drains working twenty-four hours a day (no restricted hours or strikes for them) so cheerily and heartily. It is a great sight to see all this water going so swiftly from the surface of the land to the outlet through the drains, with all the benefits the rain brings when it is allowed to come and go away as quickly as it wishes. Once the drainage is right, basic slag and lime will restore the phosphates and lime that have been removed by countless grazing animals and water, and soon the drained and now nourished weald clay will bring forth that miracle of clay land, the wild white clover, on which all animals flourish in a way to be seen and proved by weighbridge experiments, so many and so convincing, that they deserve a memorandum to themselves. Thus, while our land is getting ready for the reception of stock and crops by natural means, man must also be doing his bit. Experience has taught me that for two years the land is not in good enough heart to do sheep, horses

or cattle as they should be done to make money, and I therefore use the grazing pedigree pig to supplement my slag and lime on the pastures, and those not good enough for breeding we fatten in yards and make vast quantities of farmyard manure for the arable land, which I find requires 80 tons to the acre in two instalments before it grows crops that will stand present day wages. The results, however, are grand—twelve sacks of wheat to the acre can be looked for with confidence two years out of three, and I am sure this will soon be a minimum in any decent season; seed hay, 3 tons to the acre, with a grand aftermath for grazing; 2 tons of meadow hay and an aftermath that looks like a clover field. The land for corn must be ploughed up in July or August and seeded down in September—generally by the middle to get best results; but here comes a controversial point, tractors only, or steam ploughs will plough our weald clay when baked hard in July or August, and nothing but mechanical means can plough the 11ins. or 12ins. needed to get the best results and make sure the plant will stand with dry feet all the winter. Corn after grass, permanent, or three or four years' ley, is our scheme for the arable. Livestock: pedigree sheep, cattle, horses, pigs and poultry. The animals are worth so much and do so well that no consideration of ample, good feeding or quantity of straw used need enter into one's calculation. The result is a vast quantity of good straw manure to lighten and hearten the arable is constantly poured out, then, if this cannot be procured in time, a big green crop is grown and ploughed in. Humus must be provided to these denuded soils, but the response is quick and good and one's stock grows big and good on these clay lands in the summer. The treatment of my chalk hill farms is something similar, but sheep are an important factor, as well as pigs, and the change in them in four years, thanks to pig manure from the yards and basic slag for the downs, must be seen to be believed, particularly how the improvement in the land reacts on the sheep, and especially on the lambs. It all comes back to *increased production* which, on my clay farms, is some twelve times the money value per year per acre compared with what my tenants used to produce, but as I said before, it wants much capital and great faith; given these, it is simple and certain, and will enable us all to pay good wages to good workers and withstand competition from any part of the world in almost any farm product that grows well in Great Britain. Our Board of Agriculture should have demonstration farms in every district in the United Kingdom, showing what to do and how to do it, with all the financial figures available monthly for all to see and profit by.—S. F. EDGE.

TRANSPORT AND THE VALUE OF LAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your notes in COUNTRY LIFE on page 301 of March 22nd, re the Bill of Ways and Communications, are very much to the point, and open out many subjects arising from this suggested improvement to our country's transport service. To my mind it is of the most vital importance to the country's welfare; it enters into so many of our suggested schemes of improvements, such as housing, settling of soldiers on the land suitable for them, reclamation of lands, intensive cultivation and the general improvement of agriculture; it also makes the present co-operative movement for farmers a thing of possibility. Your contention respecting the improvement it would cause to letting values is also correct and does not overestimate the increased values. To support this I may say that last year I bought a farm of 120 acres for £1,900. The house and buildings are good, and the land is capable of growing heavy crops under suitable treatment, but is now starved, the reason of the condition of the land and the low purchase price is the position of the holding in relation to the present transport provisions. If suitable transport were provided the value of the farm would be £4,000 to £5,000. We have in England and Wales about 27,000,000 acres of land in cultivation, and taking two-thirds of this as possibly benefiting by the improved transport, gives us 18,000,000 acres. To charge a direct tax of 1s. per acre on all land benefiting by the suggested scheme would provide £900,000 towards the annual cost of the scheme, and I think no owner of land would either feel or object to this charge. Taking the farm I referred to as an example, I should be a great saver if I could get transport at a cost greatly in excess of the figure I give.—X. Y. Z.

A UNIQUE FOSTER-MOTHER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was much interested in the letter, "A Unique Foster-Mother," by T. Harrison Storm. Although a great traveller, I have never known of such a case. But this might interest your readers. Some years ago I was staying in Dumfriesshire, Scotland. I motored over to a farm in Irongray to see a strange foster-mother. I do not remember the name of the farm. A sow had a litter of pigs, and having one more than she could feed in a natural way, the little one was being fostered by a collie bitch.—L. M. L.

CURIOSITIES OF CRICKET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The concluding sentence of Mr. E. B. Noel's letter suggests that he is uncertain whether the M.C.C. will uphold the umpire's decision in the Taunton case. Reference to Law 45 seems to show that there can be no uncertainty about the legality of Street's action. Mr. Heygate exceeded the two minutes which the law says the umpires *shall* allow for the incoming batsman to take his place. Whether the delay was caused by circumstances within or beyond his control; whether the appeal was opportune or not; whether in the absence of an appeal the umpire would have been justified in pulling up the stumps: these are questions outside the point. Once the appeal has been made, and there is a definite law covering the facts, the umpire has no discretion in the matter, but must give his decision in accordance with that law. The appeal to the M.C.C. (if any) can only be made on a point of law, and it is difficult to see how any pronouncement can be made by the High Court other than that the judgment delivered in the County Court was sound and must stand.—B. P. D.

CENTENARY OF CHARLES KINGSLEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—June 12th, 1919, is the centenary of the birth of a famous Englishman. Charles Kingsley was a Devonian, "a West Countryman bred and born,"



THE PULPIT IN HOLNE CHURCH.
KINGSLEY WAS BORN AT HOLNE VICARAGE

and he was proud of his birthplace. The faithfulness and courage of Devonshire men, the beauty and virtue of Devonshire women were set forth in more than one of his novels. The loveliness of Devonshire scenery was, with him, an almost inexhaustible theme. His birthplace, Holne, near Ashburton, on the very edge of Dartmoor, is one of the most beautiful spots in beautiful Devon. He was born in the old Vicarage, which stands most picturesquely about 600ft. above sea-level, immediately above the Dart and looking across the beautiful woods of Holne Chase to the noble Tors behind. His father was then acting as curate-in-charge of the parish, and the baby boy—"a remarkable son of remarkable parents"—was baptised on June 19th—the entry can be seen in the registers in the old parish church. The church contains excellent specimens of fifteenth century work in the screen and pulpit, but is in very serious need of repair. It seems a thousand pities that it should be allowed to go to ruin and its priceless possessions to deteriorate. Therefore, the centenary will be observed in Holne by a fête, pastoral play and sale of work to provide funds for the complete restoration of the interesting old

church, so that it may form a permanent memorial of this great occasion. It will surely appeal to all admirers of Charles Kingsley. He was a thorough sportsman, an enthusiastic lover of nature, a keen "man of the people," a novelist, a poet and, above all, a divine of buoyant faith. To quote from the comment of the *Times*, December 27th, 1876, reviewing his biography, edited by his wife: "Through all his struggles and conflict of aims he maintained to the last his force of will, his unbounded love and charity and the affections of his youth. Of him it may be truly said that he never made a friend whom he did not keep, and that his early death was lamented by men of the most various opinions, who felt a common bond of union as they gathered round his grave."—W. H. HARVEY ROYSE, R.N., Vicar of Holne

JACOBEOAN FIREPLACES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you give me particulars of a correct fireplace for a Jacobean house, date 1622? Should the mantelpiece be of stone or wood, and, if the former, what kind of stone and style? Should fireplace be brick or tile-lined or black-leaded, and should fire be on the ground or raised on a stone slab, or should it have an iron fire-back and dogs? Can you kindly tell me of any publication giving all particulars of Jacobean interior architecture and decoration.—JACOBUS.

[Jacobean fireplaces generally had stone mantelpieces, with carved pilasters at the sides, embellished with strapwork or terminal figures supporting the pilaster caps, and a frieze across the opening. The inside of the fireplace should be lined with brick, not tile, and left plain. The fire would be of wood logs burning on andirons, with an iron fireback—all on a brick or stone slab. We do not know of any book devoted exclusively to Jacobean interior architecture and decoration, but Gotch's "Early Renaissance Architecture in England" (B. T. Batsford, Limited, 94, High Holborn, W.C., price 16s.), gives a good deal about it, including a chapter on fireplaces and chimneypieces. Many Jacobean examples are also shown in the three volumes of "English Homes." There is also Shuffrey's book on "The English Fireplace," published by Batsford.—ED.]

THE LORETTE SYSTEM OF PRUNING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to the article in your issue of April 26th upon this subject, I enclose you two examples of young fruit trees which have been pruned on this method and are in their fifth year of loretting. These examples show how effective the system is, and you will notice that they are covered with blossoms from the very bottom upwards. I shall be pleased in the autumn to send you photographs of the same trees when in fruit. You will notice that the effect of loretting is to throw the blooms close to the main branches so as to minimise the effect of the wind on the fruit.—FREDERICK BOSTOCK.



Thompson's.



Doyenné du Comice.

YOUNG PEAR TREES PRUNED ON THE LORETTE SYSTEM.

THE FLOOD-TIDE OF 1919 PROPERTY TRANSACTIONS

AN UNPRECEDENTED VOLUME OF SALES.

WE all know that "there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," and, so far as real estate is concerned, it would seem, from an examination of the great number of pages in this issue of COUNTRY LIFE devoted to that subject, that the tide is now at the flood for 1919. From all that we see and hear, it appears equally probable that those who embark upon it have the fairest prospects of fortune. This, not merely because of the present value of property, but of its future, so far as can be judged. Once again we are on the upgrade in the matter of land values, and everything is tending towards the high prices of the middle of last century.

It is easy to see why this should be so, the main reason being, of course, that the ordeal which the nation has lately undergone has put in its true perspective the paramount importance of the land of this country for the nation's very existence. Obviously agricultural land has appreciated as a consequence, and, for reasons not unconnected with the war, residential property has in many respects improved in value, partly because for five years people have been unable to travel abroad and they have perceived the unmatched beauty of their own land, and learned that it is indeed "home, sweet home, with nothing to compare with it, if all its multifarious advantages be taken into consideration.

What can equal the charm of an Elizabethan house nestling in rich, warm woodlands and ringed about with lawns whose springy verdure is eloquent of centuries of careful tending? Who will be bold enough to attempt a really adequate description of all that is implied in the interior decoration of many an old house, its carving, panelling and beams mellowed with age, and points in its structure recalling curious political and social circumstances of our mediæval history? Who, looking at the majority of these old houses as they are now, adapted to modern ideas of comfort and luxury, will deny that no more perfect type of home has ever been devised. Turn to another class of property, the sporting and residential domains which distinguish the country north of the Tweed, and again we find perfection, fine houses, practically illimitable areas for shooting, broad, deep and brawling streams, locks not always placid, and a mountain background giving the whole a suggestion of majesty.

"SI DOMUM REQUIRIS, CIRCUMSPICE."

Just as at St. Paul's the seeker of a monument to Wren is bidden to look around him, so we may say to anyone who wants a country house, "study the present issue of COUNTRY LIFE." It is not an easy thing to reduce a mass of miscellaneous announcements about estates to, say, a tabular form, no matter whether on the basis of acreage, geographical distribution, or class. Take, first, the classification according to type. It would be impossible to make any satisfactory list purporting to define the character of the properties which are the subject of our pages to-day, because so many—most, in fact—of the properties combine two or three, or even half a dozen, different types, residential and agricultural is a common combination, but it is often, in a pronounced degree, supplemented by the sporting element. In many there is also a prospective building element: in others a latent or ascertained mineral value, and so on *ad infinitum*. The combinations are many, but there is one fairly constant factor, and that is a considerable and improving value. It may with confidence be asserted that we are not yet nearing the top of the upward curve of prices, and that a buyer now will, if he cares, be able to sell at an enhanced figure, because however much an agent may let his imagination roam about the attractions of an estate, he is bound to deal on the basis of present facts, but little influenced by speculations as to the future, rosy though it may seem.

In the first twelve pages of this issue of COUNTRY LIFE, roughly one-sixth of the proportion allocated to real estate, are forty separate properties, of from three to 11,400 acres, and aggregating about 42,000 acres. The total acreage included in the whole issue extends to many hundreds of thousands of acres, and it includes the more notable of the estates in lists of firms whose respective sales involve, in one case nearly 400,000 acres, according to the last published totals, and in others from 50,000 to 150,000 acres or more. Let it not be supposed, either, that these stupendous totals are made up mainly of the square mileage in which Scottish moors and mountains can most conveniently be calculated. There are dozens of English properties, each of many thousands of acres, and there are yet more of only three, five or fifteen acres.

OLD HOUSES FULL OF OLD FURNITURE.

Vendors of many a house express their readiness to let a buyer of the principal lot take more or less land than is appurtenant to it; for instance, Lady Henry Grosvenor's Leicestershire seat, Quenby, with 300 or 2,037 acres, as a buyer may prefer. In other instances offers are invited either for sale or letting, and, yet again, some of the houses are offered with their

contents, so that a buyer need not endure the least anxiety as to whether he can equip, say, a Jacobean or Elizabethan house in an appropriate manner.

Practically every county in England, many in Wales, and great domains in Scotland, will be found covered by our announcements this week, and there are also some Irish properties, such as Castle Freke. It will be observed that here and there great landowners are selling not only country estates, but are also converting their London land into cash, among these is Lord Camden, who is disposing of portions of his property on the Kent and Surrey border, near Tunbridge Wells, as well as Metropolitan land. Part of the Southampton estate in London is in the market, and we are also announcing that Lord Southampton desires to dispose of Park Place, abutting on and with gateway into, Windsor Great Park.

So we might go on, and fill many a page with references to the salient points of the announcements as a whole, but it is time to turn to a brief survey of particular points. We shall not attempt, as is sometimes rather rashly done, any estimate of the value of the property specified in our pages this week, suffice it to say that it must mount up to many millions sterling, and that in its diversity and importance we think we may without exaggeration fairly claim that it surpasses anything previously published in any weekly paper. We need not emphasise the utility and beauty of the illustrations which adorn nearly every list. They speak for themselves, and must render it difficult sometimes for a prospective purchaser to make up his mind which estates he will inspect, for all have their various charms.

SEVENTY-SIX PAGES OF FINE PROPERTIES.

Glancing through the pages, the place of honour is accorded to Lord Ebury's palatial mansion, Moor Park, which is one of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley's choicest, though not by any means largest, estates. Surrey, Berks, Sussex and Hants are all worthily represented, a little farther on, in such lists as those of Messrs. Alex. H. Turner and Co., and Messrs. Nicholas, Lord Strathcona's old Georgian house and 10 square miles at Saffron Walden, lead off for Messrs. Hampton and Sons, and two West Country properties, Stevenstone, 1,880 acres, and another for Messrs. Osborn and Mercer.

Sunningdale houses naturally take a prominent place in Messrs. Giddy and Giddy's page, while Messrs. Mabbett and Edge make a feature of Charlwood, one of the many delightful country houses within forty-five minutes of town. Flamstead-bury and Felcourt, respectively typical Herts and Sussex estates, stand out in Messrs. Curtis and Henson's announcements. Four out of five properties particularised by Messrs. Trollope are in Surrey and Sussex, the fifth being Sir Paul Makins' Henley house, Rotherfield Court.

Colonel Lawson's hunting box at Melton Mowbray is among Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.'s pictured properties, and a half dozen exquisitely pretty places are offered by Messrs. Harrods (Limited). Prices are quoted for some of the houses submitted by Messrs. Tresidder and Co., and on the same page appear particulars of Sussex places in the hands of Messrs. Brackett and Sons and Messrs. F. L. Mercer and Co. Sporting and golf have stress laid on them in regard to Messrs. Collins and Collins' offers, and of the 5,466 acres announced by Messrs. Mabbett and Edge, in another page, 615 acres are at a declared reserve of £26,000, with a house of Elizabethan character less than thirty miles from town. Messrs. Winkworth and Co. are acting for Lord Southampton in the matter of a property already referred to.

Many pages are filled with the summaries of various valuable and beautiful estates, large and small, in all parts of England, to be dealt with by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, Messrs. Mabbett and Edge, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, and other firms. Town houses are very prominent in Messrs. Wilson and Co.'s page, Hill Lodge at Campden Hill, a Mayfair mansion with magnificent hall and staircase, and a bit of old Chelsea, Sun House, facing the river.

Friar Park, the late Sir Frank Crisp's Henley estate, famous for its rock and other gardens, is pictured on another page, Messrs. Simmons and Sons and Messrs. Lofts and Warner being the agents. Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons announce Essex and other sales, and Hants properties, with the sale of Coombe Down, at Hambledon, are notified by Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker. Surrey, Herts and Hants are represented in Messrs. Maple and Co.'s list. Haddo House estate, of which they have already sold a great deal privately, is only one item in Messrs. Castiglione and Scott's page of extensive estates. A North Wales estate is included in Messrs. Whatley, Hill and Co.'s announcements, and a Dorset coast house and 2,000 acres, to let, figure in Messrs. Hankinson and Son's selection.

A Sussex seaside house, dating from 1679, is offered for £7,000 through Messrs. Bentall and Horsley. The dozen country houses in Messrs. W. Hughes and Son's page include a Georgian house in Salop, at 3,000 guineas. Numerous other properties are to be found described in other pages, and reference to them will be made in due course.

ARBITER.

BREEDING THE THOROUGHBRED

LORD DERBY'S STUD.

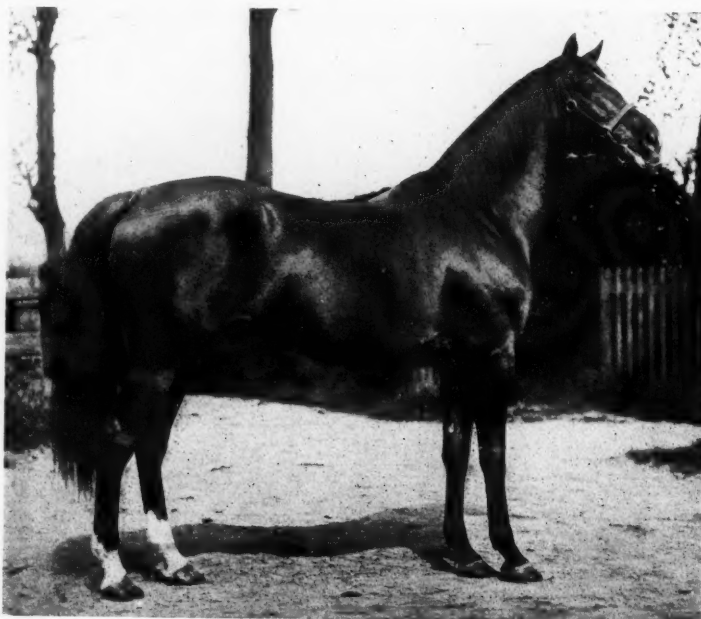
ONE of the most important breeders of racehorses in the country is the Earl of Derby. Unquestionably he is the leading breeder and racehorse owner among members of the Jockey Club, and the world of breeding and racing owes a tremendous lot to him for his deep interest, his unflagging enthusiasm, and the fine example he shows. To the writer it is a very great pleasure to have to write these things, because, combined with a whole-hearted respect for our Ambassador in Paris, is a deep and sincere admiration for the splendid way he has supported racing. He has bred horses on a very considerable scale and on the highest lines. He has from year to year maintained notable studs and a great training establishment at Newmarket, which owes much of its success to the skill and horse-mastership of his friend, the Hon. George Lambton, as trainer. Throughout the war, when it was so urgently necessary to maintain racing even at the "irreducible minimum," Lord Derby carried on, though he saw little or nothing of his horses on the racecourse. He was far too deeply engaged in the service of the State. And now, though in a way exiled in Paris, he still maintains at full strength the breeding studs at Newmarket and Knowsley and the fine training establishment at the former place.

It is of some of the notable animals at the stud I am asked to write this week. The illustrations to this article may be said to speak for themselves, but it is always interesting to write from personal and first-hand knowledge. Take, first, the three well known sires Chaucer, Swynford and Stedfast. Chaucer in the picture looks just an ordinary sized thoroughbred, but I assure you that the impression is wrong. He is quite a small fellow, and therein lies the marvel of his astonishing success at the stud. As a racehorse he achieved some renown, but it is surely his exquisite breeding which is responsible for the success attending his progeny during the many years he has been at the stud; for he was got by the immortal St. Simon from Canterbury Pilgrim, and she was out of that great mare Pilgrimage, who won both the Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas. The little fellow was foaled as long ago as 1900, and he was raced for four seasons, during which he won two Liverpool Cups. One of the best horses he ever sired—perhaps, indeed, the best of all—was Stedfast, who is now one of the sires at Lord Derby's stud. As a three year old Stedfast won over £16,000, and over £8,000 as a four year old. He is a big chestnut horse with marked quality. Quality, indeed, is still writ all over Chaucer, and it is really singular how consistently he has imparted the distinction to his progeny. He is nineteen years old now and his time is drawing to a close, but all associated with him will agree that he has contributed a big share towards Lord Derby's successes on the Turf.

Stedfast raced until he was a five year old, and in all won close on £27,000 in stakes, his successes including the Jockey Club Stakes, the Coronation Cup and the Hardwicke Stakes. It was unfortunate for him that he was foaled in the same year as that brilliant horse Sunstar, to whom he ran second both for the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby. If Stedfast just missed classic honours they were happily secured by Swynford in 1910. This son of John o' Gaunt and Canterbury Pilgrim (the dam of Chaucer) was a big horse in every sense and wanted lots of time to come to maturity. Mr. Lambton showed a thorough understanding of him, and so a policy of patience was most amply rewarded. Thus we had Swynford coming to his best in the autumn of his three year old days, for it was then that he won the St. Leger, beating the Derby winner, Lemberg, on whom Danny Maher, to the indignation of the late Mr. "Fairy" Cox, only got third. As a four year old Swynford did great things, for he won the



CHAUCER, BY ST. SIMON—CANTERBURY PILGRIM.



W. A. Rouch. STEDFAST, BY CHAUCER—BE SURE. Copyright



SWYNFORD, BY JOHN O'GAUNT—CANTERBURY PILGRIM.

valuable Hardwicke Stakes, Princess of Wales's Stakes and the Eclipse Stakes. During his racing career he won close on £26,000 in stakes. His exit from racing came about in dramatic fashion. One day, while at exercise on Newmarket Heath, he split a pastern. The case appeared so hopeless that it seemed almost certain he would have to be destroyed. He was, however, put into slings, and the horse behaved with such "Christian-like fortitude" that he was saved for the stud. He is doing well as a stallion and has already assisted in producing Hainault and Stony Ford, who came in first for the New Oaks last year and was then disqualified in favour of My Dear.

Turning now to the mares in our illustrations, I naturally refer first of all to that worthy matron Gondolette, foaled in



GLORVINA AND CHESTNUT FILLY FOAL BY SWYNFORD.

1905, she was by Sainfoin from the St. Simon mare Cheery. She, too, has had no luck since 1915, but Chaucer has come to the rescue and has presented her with a nice filly foal.

Hair Trigger II, by Fowling Piece from Altcar, and bred in 1908, was at all times an extremely handsome mare. She has now a very young foal by Chaucer.

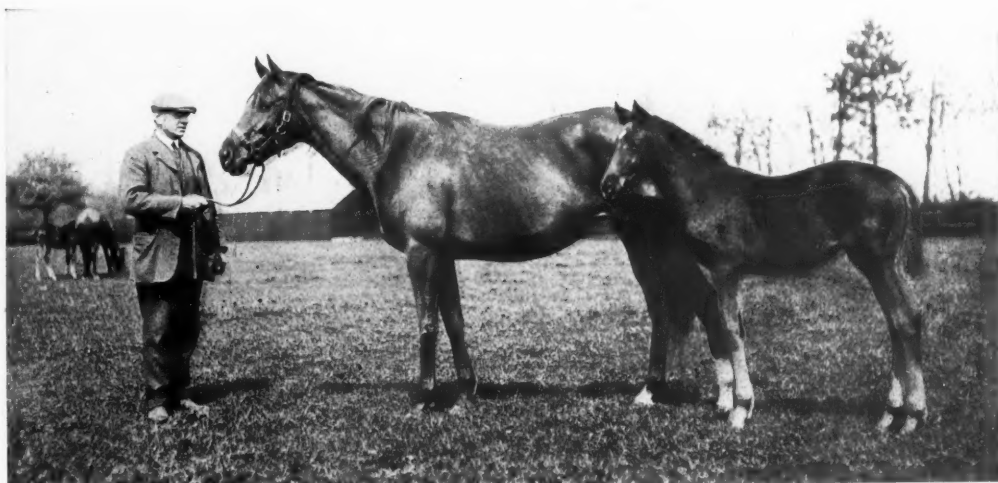
She won nine races in her career on the race-course. Eleanor M. is by Orby from Vain Glory, and was, I fancy, bred by Mr. Croker in Ireland. She is quite a young mare—only six years old—and holds out much promise. Last year her first foal was by Chaucer, and the illustration shows her with a stylish foal by Swynford. I well recall Glorvina on the race-course. She is a sister to Craganour and cost Lord Derby a lot of money as a yearling, being by Desmond from Veneration II. While in training she won the Ascot Gold Vase and was second for the One Thousand Guineas. This year her three year old



GONDOLETTE AND BAY FILLY FOAL BY CHAUCER.

1902, by Loved One from Dongola, by Doncaster out of Douranee, by Rosicrucian. I have an idea Lord Derby bought her from Colonel W. Hall Walker, because he would be the breeder from her of those winners in successive years, Dolly Strong, Lolette, Great Sport, Dolabella and Let Fly. For Lord Derby she has bred Serenissima and Ferry, who caused a tremendous surprise by winning the One Thousand Guineas a year ago. She has been rather unlucky since then to Swynford, but here we see her with a very nice filly foal by Chaucer. The old mare looks wonderfully well. Quite an important mare is Bromus, for she takes her place in equine history as the dam of that brilliantly speedy horse Phalaris and the very capable though rather luckless Hainault. Bred in

is Makepeace, already a winner, and rather an unlucky loser of the Chester Vase the other day. Her filly foal is by Swynford. Brig of Ayr, by Ayrshire from Santa Brigida, was bred in 1907, and was not much of a performer while in training; but there are hopes that she will breed a really good one, as she



W. A. Rolt

ELEANOR M. AND CHESTNUT FILLY FOAL BY SWYNFORD.

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is a strikingly handsome mare and her filly foal of this year is by Swynford. There are many other notable mares at Lord Derby's studs, including Canyon (winner of the One Thousand Guineas), Anchora, Hasta, Glacier, Keystone II, Marchetta, Scapa Flow, The Tylt and Ferry, and everything points to a continuance of prosperity for Lord Derby's most popular "black jacket and white cap" on the racecourse.

I had almost forgotten to mention that Phalaris is now one of Lord Derby's stallions at the stud, and this beautiful son



BRIG OF AYR, BY AYRSHIRE—SANTA BRIGIDA.

of Polymelus is already assured of worthy patronage from breeders. He is not a classic winner, but he was an extraordinarily fast horse under big weights, and I have a rooted belief that, as a general rule, you will get far more winners through breeding from a speedy horse rather than from one which takes rank as a Cup horse, or, in other words, a plodding two-miler. With Roseway out of the way Lord Derby's Glaciale would have won the One Thousand Guineas this year. The



BROMUS, BY SAINTFOIN—CHEERY.



W. A. R. uch.

Copyright.

HAIR TRIGGER II, BY FOWLING PIECE—ALTCAR.

future for the popular colours, I am glad to think, is certainly bright.

PHILLIPPOS

TURF, STUD AND STABLE

MY reader is profoundly wiser than I am at this moment. He knows the result of the Derby, whereas I am writing before even the festival at Epsom has opened. A week hence I hope I may be found guilty of having "told you so"! So for the moment I will not labour longer than I need under the disadvantage of having to write on the eve of the greatest race in the world being decided. I am assuming, of course, that a mere platoon of Bolshevik police will not succeed in their malicious plot to prevent the Victory Derby being run.

My friend, Mr. Livock, the well known "vet." at Newmarket, has sent me a few interesting particulars about the two year old Sarchedon, who recently won at Newmarket for Mr. James Buchanan. There is an idea that this youngster may be the best so far seen out this season, and I fancy I referred to him early in the year when writing about Mr. Buchanan's fine sire, Hurry On, and his stud of choice mares at Lavington Park, near Petworth in Sussex. "I bought Sarchedon," writes Mr. Livock, "as a foal in 1917 for 1,700 guineas at the December Sales. I did not get Mr. Buchanan's permission to buy him until two hours after I had actually bought him. I wired him on the morning of the sale, asking if I could buy a really first-rate foal which I considered would fetch a lot of money. When the colt came into the ring I did not know what on earth to do, as I had received no answer to my wire. However, knowing my client, I risked it, and was much relieved later when I received his wire authorising me to buy the foal if I liked him. Mr. Buchanan refused £3,000 for him last year when the colt was a yearling and after his elder brother, Stefan the Great, had won the Middle Park Plate. The dam, Perfect Peach, has gone to The Tetrarch again this year, and she has a lovely yearling filly by Sunstar."

Mention of Sunstar is a reminder that I have just seen this fine sire once again. Every time I see him I get the impression that he looks more splendid, and now, at the end of a strenuous season, it is really wonderful how fresh and magnificent he is. I regard him as the finest stallion at the stud to-day, and it surely cannot be long before a Derby winner is bred by him.

I believe Mr. J. B. Joel, the greatest breeder of bloodstock of our day, has nearly forty yearlings for disposal in the autumn. The majority of them will go to his private trainer, Charles Morton, at Wantage. A few are to be given into the charge of Charles Peck, who has just taken Fred Hunt's old place near Winchester; and any that remain over will doubtless be sold to go abroad. It is quite evident, therefore, that Mr. Joel is to resume racing on an extensive scale. His horses are so beautifully bred and so carefully selected that the winning thread is sure to be picked up at once. Charles Peck is well known as the trainer of Pommern, the winner of the first New Derby in 1915. For some years he was private trainer to Mr. S. B. Joel at Sefton Lodge, Newmarket, and then came the time when he drifted into the Army. This trainer of a Derby winner—in fact, of a War Triple Crown winner—and many other notable horses, became a sergeant in the Royal Army Veterinary Corps. Now he is starting again, and Mr. J. B. Joel, with characteristic kindness, is giving him a leg-up to get back to more prosperous times.

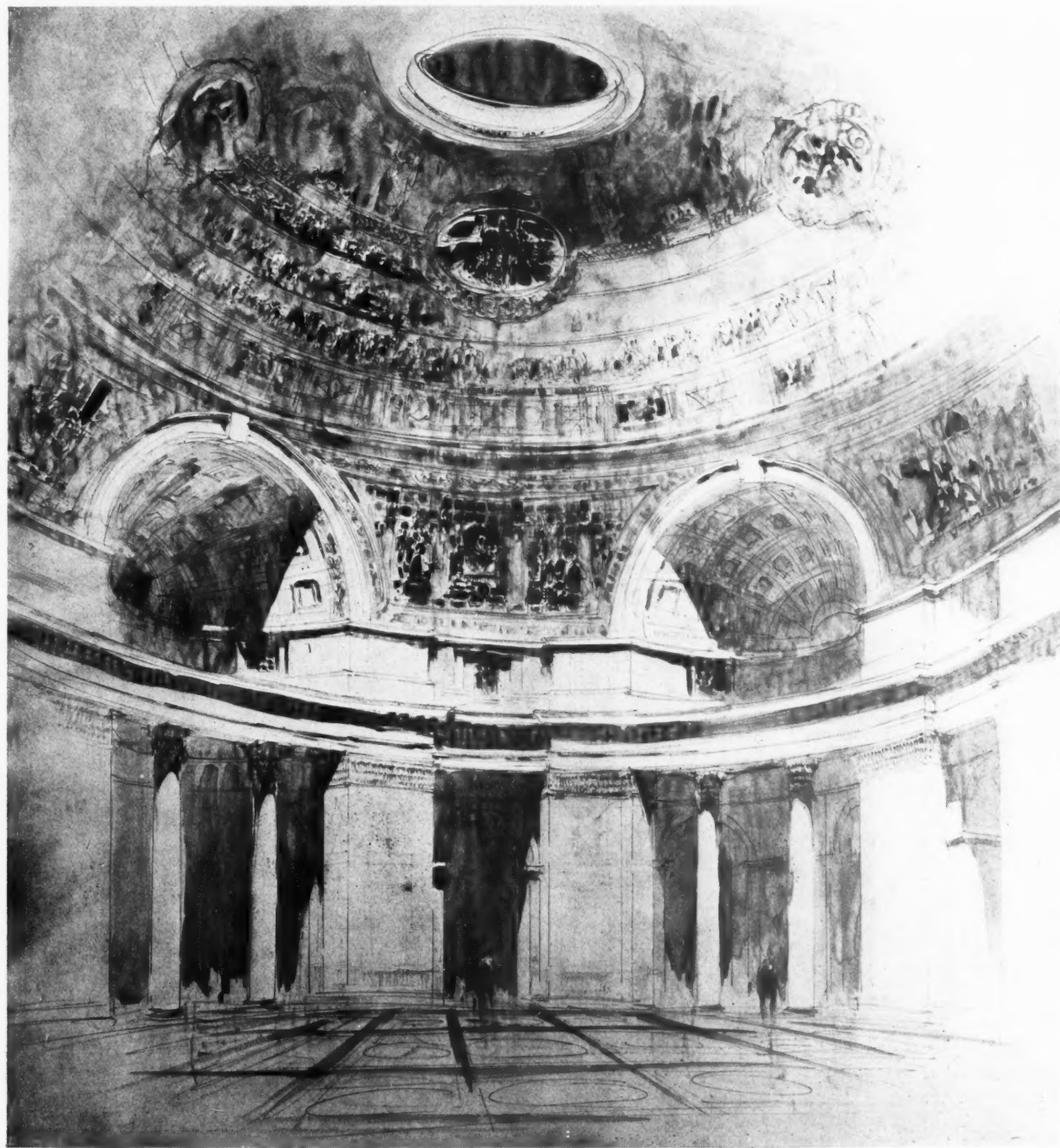
Mr. A. W. Hewett, the able Hon. Secretary of the British Percheron Horse Society, sends me two interesting items of news. One is that for the three classes for Percheron horses at the forthcoming Royal Show at Cardiff forty-five entries, including five foals, have been received. This is remarkably satisfactory, remembering that it will be the first time Percheron horses have been shown for prizes in this country. The classes are for stallions, mares with foals or to foal, and mares, maiden or barren. The 2,200 guineas mare, recently imported from France, is among the entries. The second item of news concerns the fact that the profits on the sales of the Percherons imported from France and recently disposed of at a closed auction will allow of about 50 per cent. being returned among those of the guarantors who made purchases. The 50 per cent. represents the margin between the cost of purchase, plus expenses of transport, etc., and the actual selling price at auction. This shows clearly enough that the British Percheron Horse Society is not out for profit, but for the assistance of its members and the breed generally.

PHILLIPPOS.

ARCHITECTURE AT THE ACADEMY

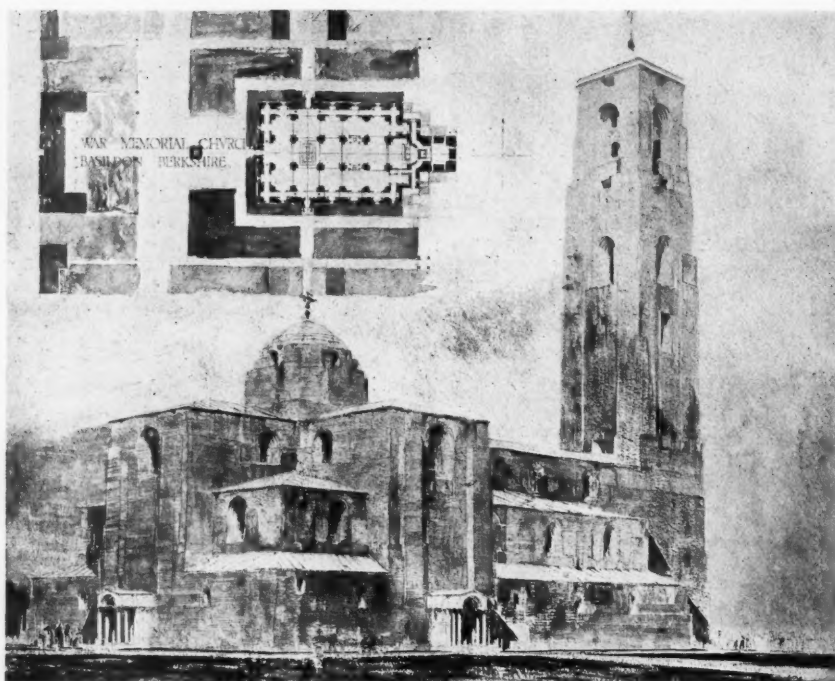
YEARS ago I took a hand in pressing the Academy Council to allow photographs to be included with drawings in the Architectural Room. The war has intervened since then, and after some years' absence I renew acquaintance with that little corner room where the architects show their work and where visitors never crowd! The Architectural Room at the Academy could, indeed, always be counted upon as a comparatively empty and quiet place for a rest or a talk, and it was partly with the idea of introducing some element which might induce the public to take a more lively interest in the Mistress Art that the inclusion of photographs was advocated. One also had in mind the desire to see buildings as actually executed, for, after all, an architect's drawings are only the means to an end, which is the building itself, whereas with the painter of pictures his sum-total is realised within the limits of his canvas. But having had my first sight of photographs in the Architectural Room, I must confess to a sense of disappointment. As arranged, they largely destroy their own merits and those of the perspectives among which they are sprinkled. It is this sprinkling which is obviously wrong. The photographs ought most certainly to be kept together on one wall and not mixed with the perspectives, and then, in looking at them, one would be able to make an undisturbed estimate of both.

This by way of preface. Now for a brief review of the exhibits. One cannot say anything else than that the show as a whole is distinctly below the level of pre-war years. This, however, is only to be expected, because in the midst of a life and death struggle most of the brilliant young men have been away in the Army or Navy, and the older men could not possibly be in the frame of mind to settle down with easy delight to architectural composition, even assuming that there was work to be carried out. This must, indeed, be the kindest explanation for much jaded-looking work that hangs on the walls, especially among the memorials. Of course, as everyone knows, the war stopped all building except such structures as were needed for munition and similar work, and no section of the community has been harder hit by the war than architects. Therefore, in looking round the room this year it would be unfair to expect to see a great deal that was virile and new. Nevertheless, there are some outstanding exhibits. Chief among these are the designs by Sir Edwin Lutyens and Mr. Herbert Baker for Government House and the Secretariat Buildings at New Delhi. These are shown by seven large perspectives, the brilliant work of Mr. Walcot, though, while fully appreciating their quality and fine draughtsmanship and colour, one cannot help feeling that they leave too much to the imagination. These New Delhi buildings,



DURBAR HALL, GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NEW DELHI.

Sir Edwin L. Lutyens.



WAR MEMORIAL CHURCH.

Sir Edwin L. Lutyens.

now in course of construction, are immense in scale, and the drawings of them help us to believe that they will be worthy of their great opportunity—something on a plane of design that rises above the commonplace Competition Classic that distinguishes so much British Official Architecture in India. Government House is the focus of the New Delhi scheme. It is to be a very large building, consisting of a central block nearly 300ft. square, with extensive wings to the east and the west. It is set with a Viceroy's court in front of it approached by a Processional Way, which traverses another great court flanked by the Secretariat buildings. Within Government House are to be many features on an Imperial and Eastern scale, foremost among them being the Durbar Hall, a circular space 70ft. in diameter and crowned by a high dome which proclaims itself frankly on the exterior and thereby gains interest. The walls of the Durbar Hall will be lined with marble, and the sweep of its dome inside will provide a field whereon Indian craftsmen will display a gorgeous colour scheme. Round and about this great central hall are the grand staircases and various State rooms, including the State billiard-room, the very name of which suggests an opulent apartment where the players use gold-banded ivory cues while a resplendent marker with a stately manner puts up the score on a board sparkling with gems! It is all a very big and splendid scheme, but only an actual sight of it in the Indian sunlight will enable us to gain any true appreciation of it; and for that we must wait awhile. Included in it is a tall commemorative column in monumental surroundings, and this column exhibits more than anything else, perhaps, the character of Sir Edwin Lutyens' underlying conceptions of what Imperial British architecture should be in India to-day: not a wholesale transportation of Western Classic, nor yet an adoption of Moghul architecture with its over-elaboration and pervading symbolism, but rather a new phase of the former, with individual features and treatments that make a new thing.

Sir Edwin Lutyens also exhibits a model of a memorial church. As a model—and a big one, too—it is alluring at first sight, and admiration for its design is aroused on further examination. The church is of brick, with a great tower at the end of the nave. One cannot attach a tag to it as belonging to this or that school, though it draws largely upon the same source to which Bentley went for inspiration. It is, whatever its style, obviously the work of a very talented designer, and the stepped lines of its fabric, the dome over the crossing, and, dominating all, the fine silhouette of the tower with its open belfry and pyramidal top, make up a very striking exterior. Within, one would expect the building to be very dark, but it might

even be urged that the ability to read a small-print hymn-book at any given corner cannot be accepted as the acid test of the architectural merit of a church interior. Unfortunately, it is not possible to obtain a photograph of the model itself, but the accompanying reproduction of a perspective of the church shown at last year's Academy serves to give an idea of a very noteworthy design.

There are two other models in the room, and these may as well be referred to before going on with the consideration of the drawings and photographs on the walls. One of them is of a "pisé de terre" house near Guildford, to be built from the designs of Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis. It is a very pleasing house and of much interest at the present time, when building with cob, rammed chalk and other local materials is under consideration; but perhaps it is the sculptural quality in the model itself which makes the exhibit so captivating. A chitectoral models are usually fashioned with meticulous exactitude and finish, but this one has a free modelled air about it which is distinctly refreshing; and the pigeons on the roof, the gay flower border next the entrance, and the general colour make it as much a pleasure for the stranger to look at as it must have been to the artist when he made it.

The other model shown in the room is a topographical one. It is of the City of Jerusalem and the ground round about, and its purpose is to illustrate the town-planning scheme which is there proposed to be carried out. The scheme was worked out by Mr. W. H. McLean, M.Inst.C.E., the Engineer-in-Chief of the Alexandria Municipality, and from the large plan shown on the wall, which bears the signatures of General Allenby and of the native authorities, it is clearly intended to be carried into effect. It was, in fact, prepared at the request of the military authorities.

At first glance one is repelled by the notion of modern town-planning being thrust into the most sacred of all spots, but a study of the plan soon shows that nothing offensive is intended to be done. Even Jerusalem has a right to order its boundaries, no less than Athens or Rome. Three concentric lines show what is proposed. The mediæval aspect of the old city within the walls is to be preserved, though "new buildings may be permitted under special conditions." In the area outside, within a good limit (which includes the Garden of Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives, and Bethany), no buildings are to be allowed, and the area is to be made a clear site in its natural state. It is to the much bigger area outside these limits, and on the north-west and north-east sides of Jerusalem, that town-planning is applied, and even here "buildings may be erected only with special approval and under special conditions rendering them in harmony with the general scheme." It is to be hoped that all will be done in the fitting manner that is indicated, otherwise we may wish that a prophet-to-come will walk seven times round the walls!



MODEL OF "PISE DE TERRE" HOUSE AT GUILDFORD.

Clough Williams-Ellis.

It is not the present purpose to embark on any catalogue of what the Architectural Room contains, but rather to touch upon what is most of interest. And certainly in this category comes the Skefko Ball-bearing Works at Luton, by Sir A. Brumwell Thomas. There are two drawings of this design, one a long narrow front elevation, the other a detail of the entrance hall and staircase, which is the central feature of the front. As drawings they are first-rate, and without a doubt the draughtsman who uses a black sky as background for the elevation has a big share in the effect produced. But the design itself is stamped with large character, and the details are worked out with refinement. A design like this serves to show what we in this country have failed to see: that industrial buildings can be something far better than shells of unpleasant brickwork with holes in them. They can be, and ought to be, given architectural character, and should have enough money spent on their structure and interior finish to stir a sense of pride in those who spend the best part of their lives within them. Some enlightened manufacturers in this country, and ten times as many in the United States, have carried this conception into actuality, with most satisfactory and beneficent results, and it is therefore with the greater pleasure that one looks at this design for a new industrial building at Luton. Moreover, it is worthy of commendation as having been carried out entirely under the direction of an architect, instead of the architecture being left to the tender mercies of the engineer. The front is a quarter of a mile long, and Sir A. Brumwell Thomas is to be congratulated on having worked it out so successfully.

Designs for two new hospitals caught my fancy, the new Westminster Hospital at Clapham Common, by Messrs. H. Percy Adams and Charles Holden, and a hospital on the Mediterranean, by Messrs. William A. Pite, Son, and Fairweather. Both display a nice taste in architectural design. And in the way of public buildings I should like also to mention the following: A very striking sketch of a suggested remodelling of Paddington Station by Mr. Philip Tilden; the National Institute of Agricultural Botany at Cambridge, by Mr. P. Morley Horder—a notable architectural design for a very notable scheme of training which should prove of great service to the country; Marylebone Town Hall and the Belgian Bank in Bishopsgate, both by Mr. Edwin Cooper; Australia House in the Strand, by Messrs. A. M. and A. G. R. Mackenzie; Mr. Frank T. Verity's designs for a rebuilding in Regent Street and for a large hotel at Hyde Park Corner; and the Cunard Building at Liverpool, by Messrs. Willink and Thicknesse and Messrs. Mewès and Davis.

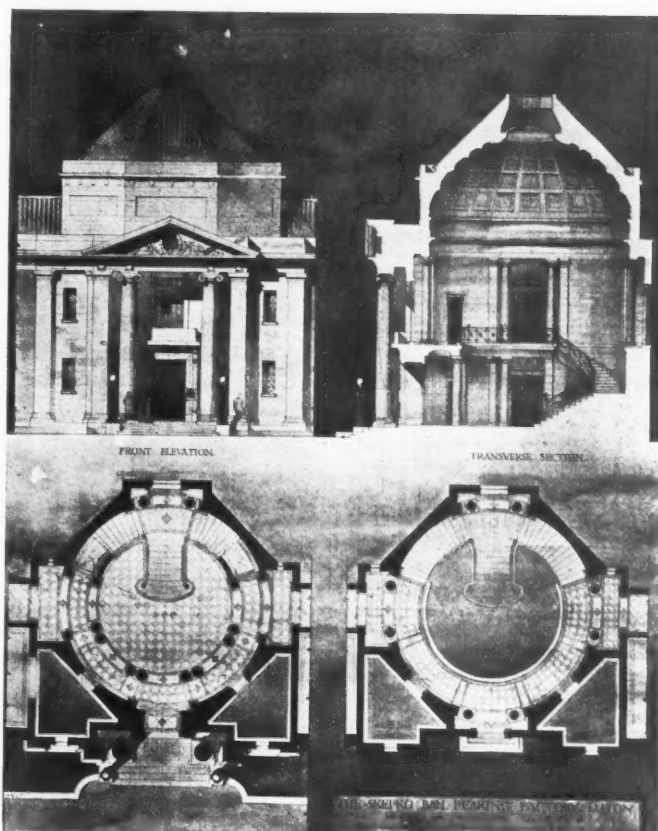
One might have expected to see something fine in designs for memorials, but there is really nothing at all remarkable—at least, not remarkable for excellence; and such subsidiary designs as Mr. Cyril A. Farey's memorial fountain and the mausoleum for Newton Hall, Cambridge, by Messrs. Ambrose Poynter and George H. Wenyon, are far better in conception and design than some of the larger schemes exhibited.

Of domestic work there is a fair representation, and creditable as a whole, among the best things being Burdocks, by Mr. E. Guy Dawber; a very delightful house at Hythe, by Mr. Oswald P. Milne; a design for a house at Antwerp, by Mr. Aylwin O. Cave; a wayside inn in Essex, by Mr. Basil Oliver; a French house at Jouy-en-Josas, by Mr. Ernest Newton; some groups of Sussex cottages, by Sir Aston Webb and Mr. Maurice E. Webb; and Sir Reginald Blomfield's design for additions and alterations to Penn House.

Among the church work are some quite excellent designs for buildings projected, as well as photographs of executed work, among them being Mr. Gilbert Scott's Liverpool Cathedral (of which a new perspective is shown) and his churches at Northfleet and Sheringham; Mr. Walter Tapper's church in connection with the Whiteley Homes; and the Magdalen College mission hall at Somers Town, by Mr. Ronald P. Jones.

In writing yet again about the Academy one cannot help feeling that sooner or later—and the sooner the better—it will have to become more truly representative of its title—"of Arts." The present preponderating bulk of easel pictures is indefensible. Architecture, like etching, is pushed into a corner; sculpture is squeezed tightly into one room and an overflow; and the other arts are not represented at all. A broader scope is urgently needed, and the turnstiles would go round none the less merrily for the display of it. The models that have been shown in the Architectural Room prove what interest is aroused by the plastic arts, and I for one should like to see the Academy galleries enlivened with these things.

UBIQUE.



SKEFKO BALL-BEARING WORKS, LUTON: DETAIL OF CENTRAL ENTRANCE AND MAIN STAIRCASE.

Sir A. Brumwell Thomas.



MARYLEBONE TOWN HALL: FACADE.

Edwin Cooper.

ON SOME OF THE FURNITURE AT SHAWFORD PLACE

BY PERCY MACQUOID.

AMONG the furniture belonging to Mrs. Morrison at Shawford Place are some very interesting English examples in the Chinese taste, a taste that commenced in the reign of Charles II, and which has had so many revivals that it has practically never died down. Through the eighteenth century this was applied to a much greater variety of objects than were included in the earlier phases of the fashion, for at first lacquering was confined chiefly to flat surfaces, such as cabinets or chests with and without drawers, black and gold being the first colours employed; but with the incoming of William III and his Dutch taste, deep red, pale scarlet, dark blue, light green, dark green, yellow and cream were used as grounds for the gold and silver lacquer patterns, and, of these colours, yellow and cream seem to have been somewhat exceptional, as no doubt white furniture would not have been considered good taste in the seventeenth century. At any rate, the few pieces that have survived are now toned to a beautiful colour and very unlike what they must have been when just made. Fig. 1 is a delightful specimen of this cream lacquer; the decoration is flat and scattered, which infers that the cabinet is later than its ornate stand, which latter is in the style of 1686. Another handsome piece of lacquer can be seen in the double chest of drawers (Fig. 2), with its quaint hooded pediment that recalls the cornice design of the tall red damask bed at Hampton Court Palace, formerly assigned to William III, but without doubt made for George II when Prince of Wales, *circa* 1716. These hooded mouldings with their intervening escallops are decorated in jesso work, gilt; the detail of japanning is small and raised, but the rather elementary execution suggests the work of one of the numerous amateurs who, at this period, devoted themselves

to "Japann Work." The piece itself stands upon rather coarse supports and is of a height suitable to the tall panelled



FIG. 1.—LACQUER CABINET, cream and gold, on gilt stand, which is probably earlier than the cabinet. English. *Circa* 1700.



FIG. 2.—LACQUER DOUBLE CHEST OF DRAWERS with hooded pediment; the lacquered decoration is black and gold. English. *Circa* 1716.



FIG. 3.—TABLE, walnut, inlaid with coloured marqueterie and ivory; the stretcher is also inlaid. Dutch. *Circa* 1685.

rooms of Anne and George I. Another piece of raised lacquer a little later in date, is the spinet (Fig. 4) upon an early mahogany and gilt stand, the legs of which are extremely graceful, carved with the simple shell of 1717 and well delineated ball and claw feet. A spinet of this description stood against the wall for greater stability than the three rather precarious looking legs of the stand guarantee.

Fig. 3, a walnut table inlaid with a marqueterie of flowers in coloured woods and ivory, is extremely interesting, showing the Dutch type which inspired similar tables made here between 1680 and 1705, the difference of nationality being shown in the quick and thick twist of the walnut legs, the rather lifeless and crowded character of the inlaid flowers and formal distribution of the jasmine which was always more tenderly and sparingly inserted by the English craftsman; the latter also avoided the checkwork border of ivory, so dear to the Dutch and constantly found on their work. It is also unusual in English tables of this class to find the square plinths, into which the stretchers are morticed, inlaid, or the stretchers—as in this instance—edged with a light line of inlay. A comparison of the present specimen with those published recently in *COUNTRY LIFE*, March 1st, 1919, Fig. 11, and "History of English Furniture," Vol. II, Fig. 49, will at once enable these differences of nationality to be discerned.

In the dining-room at Shawford Place is the very good oak muniment or treasure chest (Fig. 5), bound and strapped with iron flanges, forty-five in number; these with their *fleur-de-luce* finials of delicate workmanship travel all round the chest, and even the lid has remnants of an iron banding adhering to its edge, the lock plate is elegant, but its hasp is missing; the feet, which were originally a trifle deeper, terminate in two semi-circles carved in a low relief Gothic foliage; the shape of the chest and its fine ironwork suggest a French or Burgundian origin and a date *circa* 1450. These early chests were the "safes" of their time and preceded the iron boxes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. When made for parochial or church purposes they were generally fitted with three locks, the separate keys being held by three members of the parish. They must have been fairly secure and capable of resistance, for the nailings to the flanges pass through the wood and are clamped down on the other side. Their general use appears to have been for muniments, money, plate, jewels, and even for the most valuable clothes. In sixteenth century prints the text from St. Matthew, "Lay not up for yourselves treasure upon the earth; where the rust and moth doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal," is sometimes found illustrated by a lady turning all the contents out from such a chest and evidently horrified at discovering the ravages of moth among her treasures and dresses.

Fig. 6 is on very unusual lines, being an exceedingly rare treatment of this particular type of furniture. The table surface is faced and backed by drawers, and is of open construction, as in the French manner. At each side are shelving flaps hinged at the top and



FIG. 4.—SPINET, decorated with raised black and gold lacquer, on mahogany and gilt stand. English. *Circa* 1717.

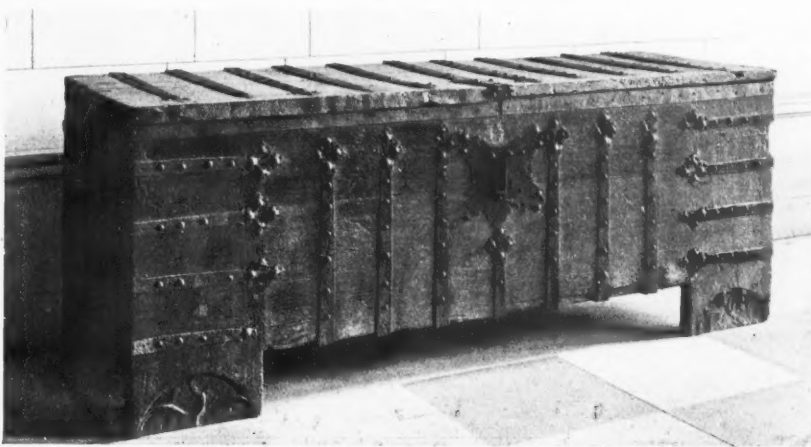


FIG. 5.—COFFER CHEST, oak, bound and clamped with iron flanges. Burgundian. *Circa* 1450.



FIG. 6.—WRITING TABLE, walnut, inlaid with marqueterie. English. *Circa* 1690.



FIG. 7.—TENT BEDSTEAD hung with seventeenth century Italian lace.

back, which, when lifted up, disclose wells for the storage of books and papers. The drawers are faced with ovals of fine marqueterie barely visible in the illustration, and the eight legs of the stand are turned in an uncommon "sharp and round twist," resting upon rather elaborate serpentine stretchers, the size of the upper portion requiring this unusual treatment in the stand. The marqueterie suggests a date *circa* 1690.

Among the many decorative and tasteful objects in this house is the bed (Fig. 7) of tent shape, and entirely hung with seventeenth century Italian lace. These tent beds were never originally trimmed in this picturesque and elaborate manner, for they were relegated to the less important members of a household. A simply treated specimen of this type formerly belonging to David Garrick can be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

BIRDS BENEFICIAL TO AGRICULTURE

THERE is at present on exhibition, in the Central Hall of the Natural History Museum, Cromwell Road, a case containing a selection of the species of birds which are believed to be beneficial to British agriculture. In the case are shown the crop or stomach contents of three birds (woodpigeon, grouse and pheasant), consisting of an enormous number of insects which are known to be highly destructive to plants; and there are also exhibited six specimens, or models, of injurious insects.

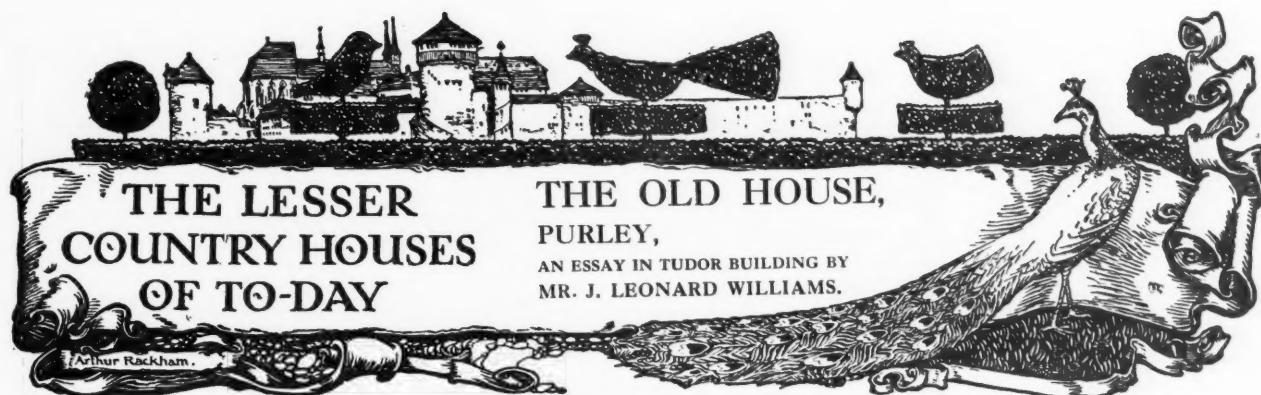
The idea of such an educational exhibition is excellent and comes at an opportune time; it must, however, be regretted that the exhibition is not more comprehensive. Mr. F. W. Frohawk has written a small guide book, of forty-eight pages, to illustrate the subject, published by order of the Trustees of the British Museum. The pamphlet comprises twenty-two black and white plates, drawn by the author, and, so far as it goes, is eminently suitable. The forty-three species which have been included are on the whole beneficial to agriculture, though some (such as the stone curlew) are so local as to scarcely merit inclusion in a pamphlet which it may be presumed is issued as applicable to the whole of Great Britain. The omission of certain species, which are certainly innocuous, if not beneficial,

to agriculture, might lead the casual reader to suppose that such species are to be classed as not beneficial, or even noxious.

It would be possible to question not a few of the author's statements as regards distribution and habits (*e.g.*, tawny owl, cuckoo, great titmouse and jay); and it is to be regretted that the scale to which the birds are drawn is not given on each plate. The index is commendable in that it gives the majority, but by no means all, of the local names by which the species dealt with are known in different parts of the country. Although the name "yellow wagtail" is perhaps the most common, but erroneous, name for *Motacilla Rayi*, it is well to point out that the bird described is the grey wagtail of ornithologists.

The publication of this pamphlet is to be welcomed as another distinct step towards the appreciation of birds from an economic standpoint. The report of the Departmental Committee, appointed in 1913 to enquire into the administration of the Wild Birds' Protection Act, may shortly be expected; it may be said, without fear of divulging secrets, that it has been unanimously agreed to recommend that the future protection of birds shall be superintended by some kind of ornithological bureau, guided not only by scientific and æsthetic, but also by utilitarian considerations.

H. S. G.



THE railway station at Purley has the date 1899 graven on its front. That is very convenient evidence in tracing the development of the district, for, despite Osbert de Purley, who was a lord in being in the twelfth century, the Purley we know is really a creation of the last twenty years. Before the railway came, Purley was much too far away for those gentlemen in stove-pipe hats and side whiskers who used to clamber on the London coach or omnibus which took them leisurely to their City and their substantial chop lunches; but in these days of electric train services and motor cars it is all a very different matter. Without a doubt the Mr. Webb who started Purley on its flourishing career as a residential centre had these possibilities clearly in mind when he set to work about seventeen years ago. There is high ground at Purley and good air, and it needed only a man with speculative vision and business acumen to initiate a merry round of house building. Mr. Webb began with a couple of houses, and the success of these having been at once established, others followed in quick succession; and to-day there are many hundreds of "desirable residences" sprinkled round about the estate. The majority of them are detached, each standing in a fair amount of ground. It was a particular scheme of Mr. Webb's to lay out on the estate two private roads, and these deserve special mention, for they are very interesting as an example of what may be called communal estate making, of a sort, inasmuch as each of them is bordered by a continuous garden scheme, the upkeep of which is collectively imposed on the owners of the houses. A committee of the residents supervises the arrangement, which suggests many possibilities; for while each owner has his part to do in maintaining that section of the border which is in front of his own house, all derive the benefit and pleasure which are gained by the general scheme. One of the roads, called South Border, has a continuous herbaceous display, while the other, called



Copyright. THE ENTRANCE PATHWAY. "C.L." Rose Walk, is distinguished by a continuous rose pergola on either side. The house with which we are particularly



Copyright.

THE GARDEN FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright. ALONG THE ENTRANCE FRONT.



ALONG THE GARDEN FRONT.

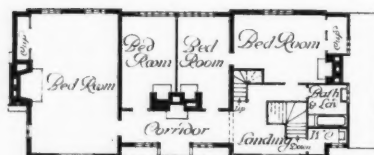
"C.L."

concerned at the moment faces on to this latter road, which presents a very pretty sight when all the rambles are out.

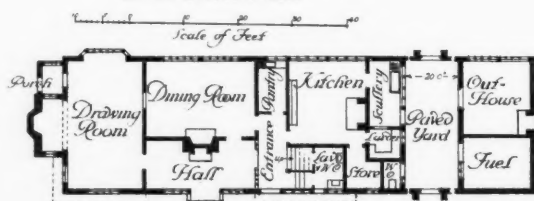
The Old House now illustrated is not, as its name might suggest, in any way an ancient piece of building, the name being simply one which suited the fancy of the owner for whom Mr. J. Leonard Williams designed the house. The client's taste went back to the style of work that was done by builders in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and he required his architect to embody the spirit of a Tudor house in his very modern one. There was no idea, however, of producing anything in the nature of a sham antique, and the purist need not therefore take fright at the notion. Provided the building work is sound and genuine, there is no more architectural wickedness in going back to an Elizabethan model than there is to a Georgian one, so long as the interior is planned and equipped in conformity with modern requirements, and that we do not, in the decorative features, indulge in replicas of such things as carved chimneypieces which display the untutored mind of craftsmen struggling with a new and little understood style.

This house, then, on its exterior shows good building in half-timber and brick, plastered over. The half-timber work seen on the front is not an affair of half-inch deal nailed to a brickwork backing, with a skim of plaster between, but solid oak stuff, many old beams being incorporated into the scheme. It is, in fact, a modern example of building in the old way. The timbers were all worked on the spot, in the traditional manner, not sliced up by a circular saw and machine-moulded at express speed, but wrought with pit-saw and adze, draw-knife and wheelwright's chisel, and the framing was oak-pegged. It is a point worth noting also that the architect himself took a hand in the actual building of the house, having worked on it altogether for quite fifty days. Extremely pleasing is the result of the timber-work, both on the entrance and garden fronts of the house, while the stacks carried out in good brickwork and topped by boldly oversailing courses leave us content and satisfied. Incidentally, the chimneys draw well and have not needed to be made unsightly by cowls, as, unfortunately, so frequently happens. Lattice windows set in oak frames, a fine sweep of roof tiling (formed with old tiles), and a jolly trio of neat dormers on the garden front, make up a very pleasing picture.

Within the house all is frankly modern. The accompanying plans show its arrangement. On the ground floor the principal rooms are the dining-room and the drawing-room. The former is especially cheerful with its long range of low windows looking out on to a tennis lawn, while the drawing-room offers an example of modern oak panelling



First Floor Plan



Ground Floor Plan.



Copyright. LOOKING INTO THE HALL.

"C.L."

with a frieze of good plasterwork above. On the first floor, leading from the head of the staircase, is a corridor made gay with wallpaper of Spode pattern and a small fireplace faced with Gien tiles. Off this corridor the chief bedrooms open, and are all very agreeably furnished. The most inadequate portion of the house is the kitchen end, but this is about to be remodelled for the present owner, Mr. H. M. Thornton, J.P., under the direction of Mr. E. A. Swan, whose scheme will carry out a wing over the existing kitchen court, improving not only the accommodation in the working quarters of the house on the ground floor, but also providing a billiard-room and fresh bath-room space upstairs, as well as a garage with living-rooms.

The house is in the midst of two and three-quarter acres of ground, and the gardens give it a very sylvan setting. The approach from the roadway, as one of the accompanying illustrations shows, is inviting; the flagged pathway, bordered by herbaceous plants, leading up to the front entrance through a screen of young larch trees. The main garden is on the other side of the house. Here is the lawn, from which a few steps rise to a brick-paved terrace which has clumps of flowers that add a gay note to the scene. Beyond is an extensive kitchen garden, while a small rose



Copyright.

THE DRAWING-ROOM

"COUNTRY LIFE."

garden and a wilderness are other features in the lay-out. When in the garden setting of this house one feels right in the heart of the country, yet the great city is not much more than a dozen miles away. It is this combination—the country-looking house in a quiet country-looking garden, within easy reach and quick train service of London—that makes the place so attractive.

R. P.

THE MODERN BATH-ROOM

THE cult of the bath and the provision of bath-rooms are at once the most ancient and the most modern of things; ancient, inasmuch as we have the luxurious example of the Romans in this matter, modern, inasmuch as the houses of our forebears had

no such feature as a bath-room. The Georgians insisted on their powdering rooms, but saw no virtue in the morning tub. We of the present day, however, have not only become thoroughly accustomed to the idea of a bath-room, but would at once condemn any house which did not possess that shrine of bodily cleanliness. Thus in every modern house, both large and small, the bath is an essential, and a room separately allotted to it is being strongly advocated in connection with all housing schemes.

The bath-room, therefore, having become so established a part of the accommodation to be provided in the house, we have to consider the possibilities for finishing and equipping it in a pleasant and satisfactory way, and this consideration leads us through a range of treatments from the simplest, where economy is the ruling factor, to the most elaborate, to meet the desires of a householder who wishes to take his bath in regal surroundings.

The first matter to consider is the finish of walls and ceiling.

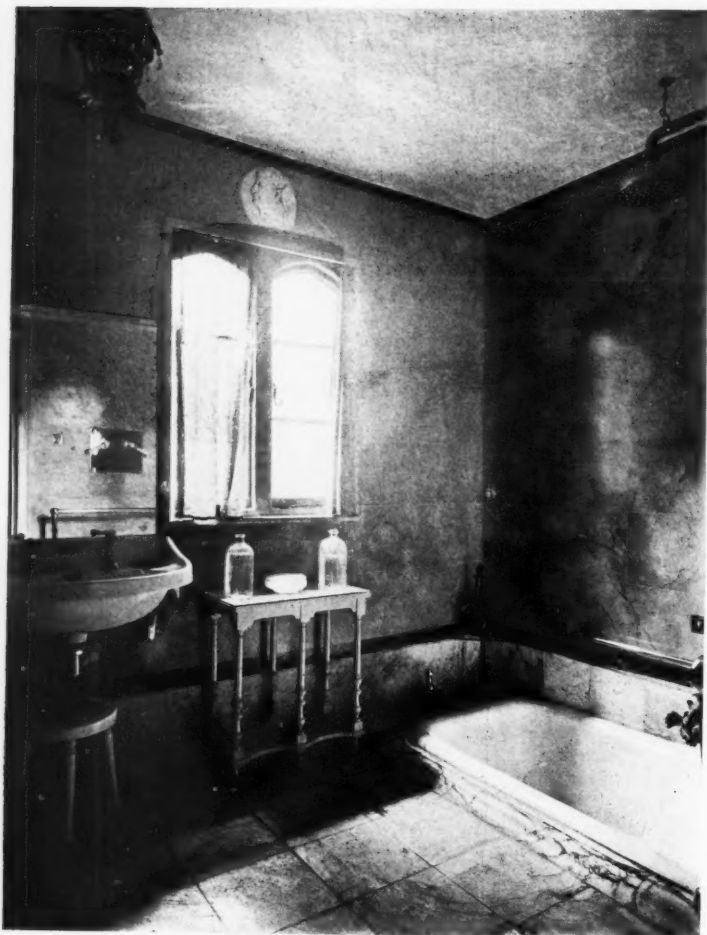
Glazed tiles can be used throughout, but a note of warning should at once be raised in regard to the colour of the tiles. Often underlying our cult of the bath, it must be said in secret, is a spirit of sacrifice to Hygiene, and the chilly prospect of a cold bath on a cold morning will not be lessened if the bath-room

has its walls faced with bare, cold-looking tiles. The individual will make his own selection of some colour, light in tone, which will add a note of warmth; and in conjunction with plain tiles it is possible to use narrow coloured ones in the form of bands or panels, and in this way to create an inviting appearance. If marble is employed instead of tiles, the same recommendations hold good. Glazed mouldings should be avoided with tiles; an essentially flat treatment is the most successful, and in connection with marble it may be noted that slabs of fine figure and veining can be treated very happily as panels when framed in by a thin white marble slip. But wall tiling at present prices is, of course, expensive, and marble more so. It is well, therefore, to consider what can be done with hard plaster and varnished paint or enamel. Painted walls have long been in favour for bath-rooms; four or five coats of paint are necessary on the raw plaster, the last coat being flat, *i.e.*, mixed to dry without gloss, and followed by one or two coats of a



A WELL EQUIPPED BATH-ROOM POSSESSING ARCHITECTURAL CHARACTER.

R. Frank Atkinson.



A MARBLE-LINED BATH-ROOM WITH SUNK BATH.



A STONE BATH-ROOM. VAULTED, WITH MIRROR SURROUND TO BATH.

first-class copal varnish. If desired, enamel may be used for the last two coats instead of varnish; in either case, the surface can be washed down. A painted dado can be used with good effect, but stencilling should be regarded with a doubtful eye, not because it is inappropriate in itself, but because as ordinarily carried out by decorators it leads to some strange and fearsome effects.

When it is desired to employ a less expensive method, yet one which will give a "matt" finish, it is best to use one of the new flat enamels. The plastered wall is primed and painted in the ordinary way, and then given two coats of the flat wall finish of a suitable colour. The advantage which the material possesses is that in twenty-four hours or so it can be washed, or even scrubbed, without detriment.

A bathroom recently finished in the West End of London is carried out in Pompeian style with a black background relieved with the delicate ornamentation and brilliant colouring that characterises the style, the ceiling being hand-painted in the same graceful manner.

The least expensive method of treating the walls of a bathroom is, of course, the common one of papering. Paper ready varnished should, however, never be used, first because it is very difficult to hang, and next because the varnish used is too frequently of poor quality and will not withstand hard wear. Bathroom papers should be twice sized and twice varnished with a pale copal varnish of approved quality.

Next comes the question of floor finish. Both marble and tiles can be used for this, and a very effective result can be obtained by carrying down the treatment adopted for the walls. This is well shown in the case of the bathroom illustrated on the preceding page, one of those in the new Midland Adelphi Hotel at Liverpool, and a very pleasing example alike in its general treatment and its appointments. But against both marble and tile may be brought the criticism that the surface is cold to the feet, and it is in this respect that cork carpet has been so much favoured. The price of it is approximately 25 per cent. more than the best linoleum. Failing a floor covering of this kind, ordinary linoleum can be used. It is too familiar to need more than passing mention here.

With regard to the fittings of the bathroom, the position of the bath itself is one about which there is diversity of opinion. Generally it is placed next a wall, and when it is of the usual type, supported on legs, this arrangement has the disadvantage that cleaning below and at the back of the bath is difficult, and as boxing in is not to be recommended, the question should be considered whether the bath cannot be so placed in the room that it stands free on both sides. Very frequently now, however, baths with solid sides reaching down to the floor are being installed, and their structural lines have a very good appearance.

A wash-hand basin will, of course, be an essential in the bathroom equipment, and many excellent types are now to be obtained, either supported on legs or bracketed out from the wall; while heated rails are a great convenience not only for holding towels, but also in raising the air temperature. A shower can be fitted either separately or (and more economically) directly over the bath itself; but a w.c. is not a desirable part of the bathroom equipment—it should be placed in its own apartment. Sitz and foot baths are sometimes fixed in large bathrooms and have their uses, though in a house of medium size one bath and shower fitting is really quite sufficient.

A point that needs emphasis is that the bathroom should not be too small, because in these days of "fitness" morning exercises are largely practised, and the bathroom is a convenient place for them. It becomes an impossible place if it is hardly big enough to "swing a cat in"—much less an Indian club.

It is a very effective arrangement to sink the bath level with the floor, but this requires special provision in the way of under support and access to wastes, and on that account is not often adopted. But the illustration of a sunk bath on this page shows how attractive it is. Unfortunately, the restriction of space usual in a bathroom makes it impossible to take a comprehensive photograph of this bathroom, which is in the house of Mr. W. Thornton-Smith at Maidenhead, but the view reproduced is sufficient to indicate the general arrangement and effect. In the same house also is the other bathroom here illustrated, where another successful treatment in a very different manner has been achieved with much success.

MODERN REPRODUCTIONS OF OLD SILVER PLATE

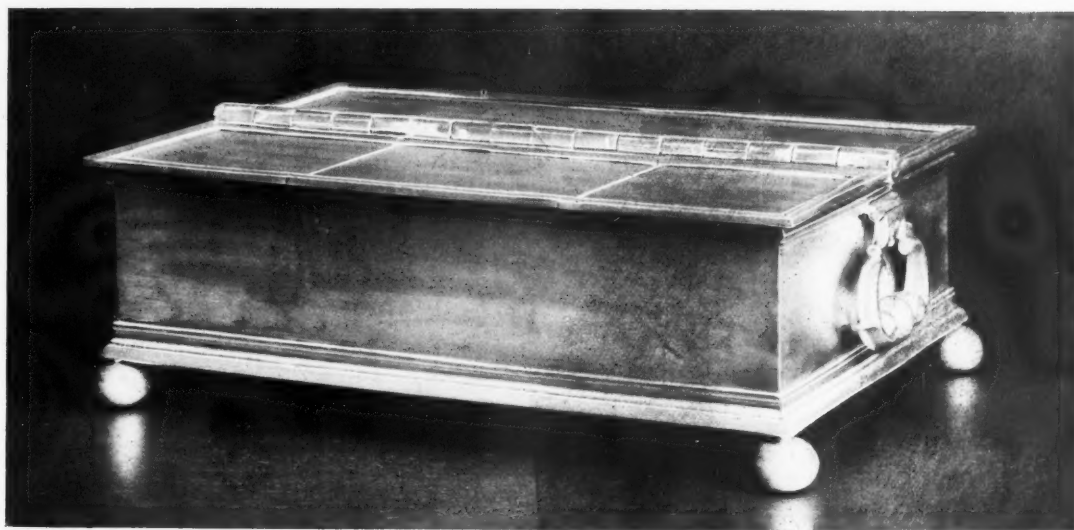


FIG. 1.—BOX INKSTAND opening in four compartments, made by Messrs. Crichton Brothers from an original in the possession of the Treasury. Circa 1720. Length, 12ins. ; width, 8ins.

FOR the last fifty years much meritorious attention has been given to the reproduction of earlier textiles, furniture and the like; but a real recognition of the qualities of old silver plate with a view to this same reproduction for domestic purposes is of comparatively recent date. Mr. Wilfred Cripps published his first edition of "Old Silver Plate" in 1878, and until that date, except in the isolated cases of connoisseurs, the public were quite content during Early Victorian times to accept the abnormal atrocities manufactured in silver that were offered to them. Certain celebrated and decorative examples, selected from the plate belonging to Royal collections, colleges and City companies, were electrotyped for educational purposes by the South Kensington Museum, but at the

time these created very little interest; they were crowded together in cases and hardly noticed by the public, and it was not till Mr. Cripps' book familiarised and instructed those interested in the subject that the desire for better and truer artistic forms became at all prevalent.

The amount of antique silver plate in existence being limited, the prices demanded for it are high, and its possession in any quantity must consequently be confined to the wealthy. To surmount this difficulty, the obvious course is legitimate imitation, and fine reproductions have now been carried out with the greatest success by certain firms of high repute. The processes employed are, as nearly as possible, those of former times, the modern methods of spinning, stamping and other mechanical devices which had enabled the



FIG. 2.—SMALL TEA-KETTLE AND STAND of Early Queen Anne type, made by Messrs. Garrard.



FIGS. 3 AND 4.—HOT MILK JUG AND COFFEE POT with applied card-cutting ornament, made by Messrs. Garrard from a chocolate pot dated 1703.

manufacturer to turn out mediocre silver in large quantities at low prices being abandoned. It is clear that these good reproductions demand the best workmanship, so as to obtain the beauty of curve and line that can only be accurately produced by the comparatively slow process of hammering in combination with the sensitive touch of an expert chaser. Both the quality and surface arrived at by the hammerer are very important charms in all forms of plain plate, and nothing could well be more simple and direct than the closed box inkstand (Fig. 1) reproduced by Messrs. Crichton from an example existing in the Treasury and circa 1720. This piece, which opens in four compartments, is entirely dependent for charm on the proportions of its plain surfaces framed in finely considered mouldings and the heavy quality of the handles and ball feet which combine in carrying out the pleasing solidity of the scheme.

These original inkstands are rare, but there is a set somewhat similar, of rather earlier date, bearing the Royal arms, also the property of the State.

Messrs. Garrard have always striven to preserve their early traditional interest, for they started as a firm long before the days when apprentices, as a test of their ability, were required to hammer up a silver crown piece into a punch ladle, leaving the legend "Decus et Tutamen" running round the edge of the coin practically intact. In their reproduction of a small Queen Anne kettle and stand (Fig. 2) the peculiar bulbous form typical of the time has been well preserved; the spout is octagonal, an early instance of this feature. The spirit lamp as shown here was by no means an innovation in Queen Anne's reign, for it is found before that time represented in Dutch pictures of still life as keeping a dish of food warm.

Figs. 3 and 4, also by Messrs. Garrard,



FIG. 5.—STANDING SALT of hour-glass form, height 5½ins., made by Messrs. Crichton Brothers from one dated 1680.



FIG. 6.—ECUELLE OR DISH WITH COVER, made by Messrs. Mappin and Webb from a French example. Circa 1720

are taken from a chocolate pot dated 1703, and are interesting as showing the skill required for the present-day soldering and the application of the card-cutting ornamentation. Fig. 4 is an almost exact replica of the old pot, but the form does not quite lend itself to be converted to a hot milk jug, as the introduction of the necessary lipped spout for this purpose is altogether out of scale and not in character with the piece. The silver card-cutting on the handles is very faithfully reproduced; it forms a most agreeable diversion to the quite plain wooden handles generally employed.

Fig. 5 is an accurate representation of an hour-glass standing salt, circa 1680. This shape lasted from about 1635 to 1685 and was the last form of the standing salt; the upstanding arms were used for a napkin or to support a small dish for olives.

Messrs. Mappin and Webb, who are also much interested in the reproduction of old silver, are here represented by an interesting form of French plate, called an *ecuelle* (Fig. 6). These were shallow bowls with small flat handles, covers, and sometimes a plate to match, and were used in France for every sort of food, each person's portion being served in it. The term "couvert," as applied to the number of people dining, was originally derived from these

covered dishes. In the present specimen the cupola-shaped cover, surrounded by a gadrooned border, is surmounted by a knob, on which is chased a classical head, the handles having each the same type of head within a floral strapwork.

This exact form of dish does not appear ever to have been made in England, but in silver, pewter and earthenware they were used by all classes in France during the seventeenth century and onwards, the present example being copied from one of about 1720.

Fig. 7 is a reproduction by Messrs. Crichton from an original kettle and stand of 1710, 14ins. in height. It possesses the overhanging swing handle introduced at this period, and the serpent-headed spout often found on early tea and chocolate pots is here admirably framed with mouldings where it joins the body. The proper proportions of this piece have been most carefully preserved, as may be seen from the illustration reproduced here, and the workmanship leaves nothing to be desired.

It is to be hoped that the public will see fit to encourage this good movement of the silversmiths, not only in the direction of table plate, but with permanent and representative objects such as testimonials, racing cups and all other forms of sporting prizes.



FIG. 7.—KETTLE AND STAND, made by Messrs. Crichton Brothers from an original of 1710. Height 14ins.

NATURE NOTES

APPLE LEAF CATERPILLARS



A BAND OF HOPE FOR THE FRUIT GROWER.

CATERPILLARS are now busy feeding on the leaves and fruit trusses of our apple trees. They are very abundant in some districts, and unless means are taken to kill them, they will defoliate many of the trees. Those responsible for most of the damage may be divided into two classes. One kind has only two pairs of "claspers" or "suckers," one pair at the hind end of the body, and the other pair shortly in front of these. They crawl by drawing the first pair of sucker feet up close behind the true legs, thus arching the back, so that the body forms a loop. From this habit they are known as "Loopers" or "Geometers." The other kind are known as "Tortrix" caterpillars, from their habit of rolling or twisting leaves. These have five pairs of sucker feet and are very active. They can usually be recognised by their wriggling backward movement when touched. Both kinds of caterpillars eventually change into moths, both are responsible for much damage.

In order to find out the best means of reducing attacks of insects it is necessary to study their habits in order to decide which is the most vulnerable period of their life. On studying the life histories of the various "looper" caterpillars it was found that the females of some species are almost wingless and unable to fly. They form crysalides in the soil and when the female moths, which emerge from them, want to lay their eggs on the young shoots, they crawl up the tree. A few are said to be taken up by the males, which are always winged, but if this is so, they are probably exceptional cases.

This characteristic provides us with a clue as to the best means of reducing attacks of these caterpillars whose mothers are unable to fly, for if the female moths can be prevented from crawling up the trees, the caterpillars would not be able to eat the leaves. An experiment was tried of putting a band of a sticky substance (as used on fly papers) round the tree trunks just before the female moths are active. It was found that when the insects reach the sticky bands they stick and are unable to get free again. They often lay eggs on the bands and sometimes below them, but even if the caterpillars hatch out they are unable to reach the leaves where they normally feed. From experiments of this kind it was decided that the damage done by these caterpillars could be, to a very large degree, prevented, and this method of banding trees is now largely used in districts where these caterpillars are abundant. These caterpillars also attack other fruit trees, such as plums, pears and gooseberries, and unfortunately, also, many other broad-leaved trees, so that it is difficult to exterminate them entirely.

The winter moths usually ascend the trees from the beginning of October to the end of December; the March moth from mid-February to the beginning of April, so that it is advisable to keep "bands" on the trees from the end of September until the middle of April in order to prevent the various common species of wingless moths from getting up the trees. One hundred or more wingless females are often caught on a single band. With old trees the sticky substance must be applied directly

to the bark, but with young trees it is better to band the trees first with grease-proof paper and apply the sticky substance to this. As the female moth cannot fly, these pests do not spread readily from one orchard to another, but they may spread from one tree to another in the caterpillar stage.

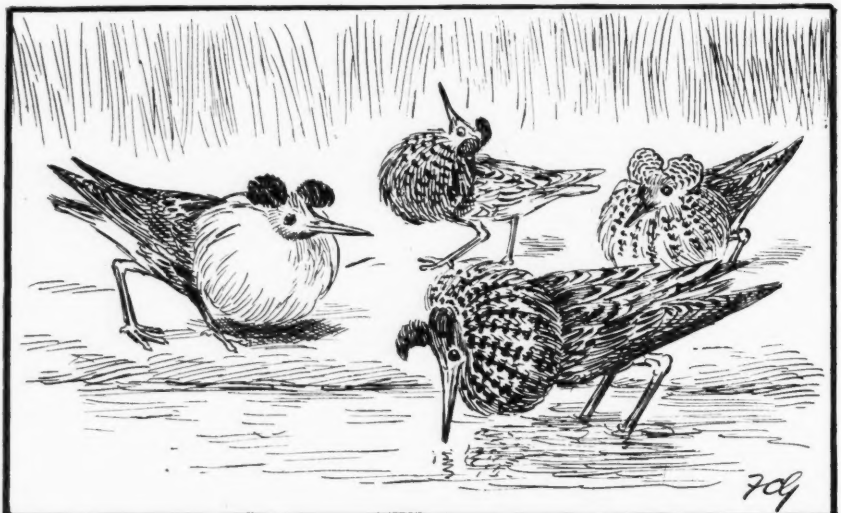
Unfortunately Tortrix moths are fully winged and do not crawl up the trees when they want to lay their eggs on the shoots, so that banding does not prevent these caterpillar attacks. In order to check their ravages and those of other caterpillars feeding on the leaves, the means usually employed is to cover the leaves with a thin film of a poison (such as lead arseate) by means of a machine, which gives a fine mist-like spray.

In gardens and districts where fruit trees are not numerous these caterpillars are often kept in check by insectivorous birds.

T. R. PETHERBRIDGE.

THE ANTICS OF THE RUFF.

The draining of the Fens, reclamation of waste lands, and other modern conditions have deprived us of many interesting species of our avifauna. The birds became rare, and once a bird becomes rare it is on the slippery slope to extinction, unless some special care is taken to protect the survivors from the danger of their increased value. The great bustard had inevitably to go, for it was too big a mark for the gunner to escape destruction, and even if it had survived, it would have been crowded off Salisbury Plain during the last few years. It is a pity that the ruff should have nearly disappeared from the fen country, but unfortunately it was regarded as a table delicacy and that helped its practical extinction. A quaint little creature is the ruff, and in the pairing season, when its ruff of feathers is fully developed, it is an amusing sight to watch it, as I have often done in the Zoological Gardens. His wife, or rather his wives, the reeves, are soberly clad and placid in demeanour, apparently taking little notice of the antics of the male birds, which rush about like little mad Don Quixotes, tilting at every imaginable and imaginative enemy. With



THE RUFF IN HIS WAR PAINT.

bristling ruffs and erect feathered ears they assume paralytic attitudes, evidently intended to suggest determined ferocity. Sometimes a sparrow is the object of hostile attention; sometimes his own reflection in the shallow pool in which he is wading will suddenly excite him, and a bird passing overhead will throw him into an attitude suggestive of preparing to receive an aeroplane. But in spite of all his warlike poses his bill is a very harmless-looking weapon, and even when in his wild state on the fens he fought for his wives he could not have done very much damage. The ruff of feathers round his neck, from which he takes his name, is a very remarkable feature, for you rarely see two birds alike in the colouring and markings of these feathers. Some are black, others white; some brown barred with black, others buff streaked with brown, and when the birds have got their full war-paint on and are in fighting mood their attitudes and actions are intensely amusing. F. C. G.

PEREGRINE FALCONS IN HOLLAND.

In the good old days of falconry the hawks were chiefly used, I believe, to catch herons—and as the days of falconry in Holland are over, I had never expected to witness there the pursuit of a heron by a peregrine. The unexpected, however, came to pass. In my park at Gooilust there is a small wood of ancient and very lofty beech trees. In this wood there is a large heronry of several hundred nests, as many as eighteen nests being on one single tree. Besides, there is an extensive rookery of cormorants on these same trees, while tawny owls, little owls, white owls, green woodpeckers and stock-doves also nest there every year. In the beginning of April last, walking under the trees I was struck by an unusual commotion among the herons and cormorants, who took flight in wild terror. On closer examination I perceived that the

reason of it all was a peregrine falcon, who with lightning speed pursued the fighting herons. The herons rose in the air and the peregrine rose above them, and when the hawk came near them they struck at him with uplifted bill. The peregrine in hot pursuit flew over the wood three or four times, but finally, probably baffled by the great number of herons, went away without having killed a single bird. While the hawk pursued the herons the cormorants flew away croaking in great terror, lightening themselves by disgorging fish.

The cormorants are very destructive to the young herons, as whenever they have the chance they kill them and throw them out of the nests. The cormorant seems to be the more powerful of the two species, as many heron nests are appropriated by them. The jackdaws that also breed in the old beech trees take a good many herons' eggs, the shells of which are found in great numbers under the trees. Shells of cormorant eggs are seldom found, so that it appears that these last birds take better care of their eggs than the herons do. Cormorants are also very destructive to the tree they build in, as they strip it bare of leaves and branchlets, and in time kill it. The herons, on the contrary, build their nests from branches, which they fetch from the ground or break from other distant trees, and therefore do not do much harm to the tree they nest in. The result of this is that I am constantly obliged to reduce the number of the cormorants, a thing which is not very easy, as they get very wild when being shot at.

About April 15th I saw a pair of fully fledged young tawny owls in this same wood. For some reason or other the pair of young birds spent a whole day on the ground, sitting between the roots of an old beech. One of the parents spent that same day in a sapling in the vicinity, keeping watch over them. Next day the whole family was again seen in the top of a fir tree. F. E. BLAAUW.

ON BEGINNING GOLF AGAIN.—I

BY JAMES BRAID.



NEARLY everybody who played golf before the war may now be said to be beginning again. This applies particularly, of course, to those who have been on active service. Clubs and balls did find their way out to all theatres of war, and golf was played in some very curious places; but most soldiers have at best only had the chance of a casual game or two in the course of several years. Many people whose duty or whose age kept them at home have played no more golf than have the soldiers. They felt little inclination for it and they were too busy, so that both they and their clubs are extremely rusty when they come back to the links. Anything that I have to say, therefore, about this second golfing childhood applies largely to all golfers.

As regards clubs, there should not be anything seriously amiss with them after their rest. People have an idea that it is necessary to oil their shafts after a long interval, but oiling is really only necessary after clubs have had a thorough soaking in wet weather.

After all, shafts have a good coat of varnish on them, and if clubs have been put away in a reasonably dry place, mere inaction will not have hurt them. Nevertheless, it is wise to have them "vetted" by a clubmaker. The wooden clubs in particular are likely to have become loose in the glue, and heads may fly off suddenly. I can point this moral from the recent English Ladies' Championship, for in the qualifying round the head of Mrs. Dobell's brassie flew away in the first few holes.

Then, as to courses, I hold a decided opinion that they ought not to be quite so long as they were in 1914. Of course, at the moment they are disproportionately long because the ground is soft and slow. There is nothing like the trampling of golfers' feet to get a course into order, and most of our courses have not been enough walked over for nearly five years. Time will remedy this, but, even so, I think that the tendency should be towards shortening courses—not by any deliberate alteration of holes, but by a more generous use of the forward teeing grounds. A great many of the golfers coming home from abroad will, to some small extent at any rate, be disabled. For one reason or another they will not be quite so strong as they were,

and consideration is due to them. Apart from that, I think that for the average player courses were being just a little too much stretched in 1914, and that the game would be all the pleasanter if the back tees were left severely alone.

Another pre-war tendency that needs curbing, or, at any rate, watching, is that of making the putting greens too difficult. I am not talking of the bunkering round the greens. Some people complain bitterly if a shot that is nearly a good one gets trapped in a bunker close to the hole, but I do not think that our architects have erred in this direction, and approaching is but a dull business when there is no greater incentive to try for anything better than "somewhere on the green." Moreover, nearly all greens nowadays have an open road up to the hole for the man who has placed his previous shot correctly; the rubber-cored ball has made that almost essential. What I am thinking of is merely the formation of the green itself. It was getting a little too fantastic; the slopes were just too steep; the player was too often given a putt that it was—in dry weather at any rate—almost impossible to get dead. A little more mercy for the player and a little less display of the architect's ingenuity would do no harm.

And now for something about hitting the ball. The returning golfer must not begin by being too sanguine, and so too impatient. If, as is probable, he misses a certain number of shots from no apparent reason, do not let him be in too much of a hurry to find out the reason. The fact that he has not played for so long is cause enough. Let him give himself time to get the feel of the game and the touch of the club and to let his nerves quiet down—for we are most of us still a little bit jumpy. Let him remember Sir Walter Simpson's excellent advice to aim carefully and thump patiently, and the game will very soon come back. I have seen a good many golfers back from the war—a number have come to me for a lesson or two to polish them up—and on the whole there is wonderfully little wrong with them. They will soon be tuned up to their best game when competitions are in full swing again, for competitions are the most useful possible discipline, because they compel a man really to concentrate his mind on the game. The play in the Victory Tournament at Walton Heath the other day was decidedly not up to the best professional standard. The fine strokes were there, but the steadiness was not quite what it used to be, and I think this was simply due to the lack of competition play. Everybody felt a little nervous and ill at ease.

If I were asked to name any one general weakness in the game of golfers returning from the front, I should say it was an inability to gauge distance. The reason I do not know, but this weakness has at least one good side to it, for nearly all the players I have seen over-estimate the distance between ball and hole. They do not under-club themselves as they used to do, but over-club themselves and are over the green, not short of it. If they could slightly modify this tendency without losing it altogether, they would be better golfers than

they ever were before, but in a month or two they will probably be as timid as ever. Not even a great war can completely alter human nature, and golfing human nature will always be short.

(To be continued.)

LONG DRIVES AND SHORT TEES.

Braid's remark, in his article published to-day, to the effect that courses have been getting a little too long and that teeing grounds should be kept well forward, will cause many a middle-aged, short-driving and slightly bow-windowed golfer to fall metaphorically upon his neck. It is a remark well worthy of consideration, because it is made not only by a great player of vast experience, but by one who weighs his words and never speaks rashly. It comes at a striking moment, moreover, because golf balls seem to be going further and further, and we are threatened with one—I know not on how good authority—that is utterly to eclipse all those now on the market. Braid's words remind me a little of a once famous remark of Mr. Edward Blackwell, at the time unquestionably the longest hitter playing, to the effect that the carries at Sandwich were "a bit overdone." Mr. Blackwell was speaking, I think, of the "St. George's Tees," as they were called, the tees for the St. George's Vase, which were in some instances put even further back than they were for the championships. That was in "guttery" ball days, and I am sure that no one to-day has such hardships of length to bear. When there was a wind—and there generally is by the sea—there were certain carries that to a really good driver were to all intents and purposes impossible; nor could he always find a way round. He had simply to hit as far as he could and take the lie the gods gave him.

MEMORIES OF THE LONG HOLE AT BLACKHEATH.

Neither do I think that with the modern ball there are any holes to-day as long as one or two were with the "guttery." Year-books used to tell of one at Evian-les-Bains that was well over 600 yds., but I am glad to say I never saw it. Then there was one at St. Anne's shortly after turning for home—I think it was the eleventh—a rather dull, flat hole over ridge-and-furrow country that seemed perfectly interminable. But if the player's sensations be any criterion, then the old fourth hole at Blackheath with a "guttery" ball was far the longest I personally ever played. That was the hole where the delightful and mythical Scotsman, with whom Mr. Hutchinson made a pilgrimage round English courses, was quite faint when he reached the green, and said he "felt as if he had been driving ever since he was a little boy." It was nearly 600 yds. long, and the gravelly lies were, as a rule, prohibitive of wooden clubs. Mr. F. S. Ireland used to hack and hew his way along it with a driving mashie and cover prodigious distances with this victorious bludgeon; but to the less gifted the hole was something of a nightmare. When I first played it I remember being told that Mr. de Zoete (not Mr. H. W., but one of an earlier generation) had once done the hole in

three by holing out the third full brassy shot, and I thought he must have had a hurricane behind him. But it is not one tremendous hole that kills: it is the constant straining after length, hole after hole, and that, I take it, is what Braid has in mind.

HOW DOES A PROFESSIONAL GOLFER RETIRE?

"Who ever heard of a retired golf professional?" This was the question put to me the other day by a distinguished professional golfer, in much the same tone in which Sam Weller asked Bob Sawyer if he had ever seen a dead postboy or a dead donkey; it was *à propos* the very welcome contradiction of the rumour that Harry Vardon meant to retire and live in Jersey. My answer to the question was that a professional could retire in Scotland, but that it would be a difficult thing to do in England, and my authority agreed that it was a sound one. In Scotland there are at least two very well known retired professionals—Fred Mackenzie, who played in the first two Amateur International matches, and Laurence Auchterlonie—both magnificent golfers. They were professionals for some time in America and then came home; and golf is no longer their profession and they now play to all intents and purposes as amateurs at St. Andrews. True, from a championship point of view, once a professional always a professional, but the St. Andrews Club has many members who are club-makers: Laurence Ayton, who is a professional on the very active list, plays in and wins the club's competitions, and there is practically no distinction between the two classes. If it be an anomalous state of things it seems a very friendly and pleasant one.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH.

In the South things are different. A member of a golf club is supposed to be an amateur golfer. If we except the very few working men's clubs, where possibly some of the members have not a flawless amateur status, I do not know of any club with professional members. At cricket a man can step back across the gulf quite easily. He only ceases to be paid, has "esquire" after his name, walks out of another entrance to the pavilion, and there he is. We have a prominent example this year in E. G. Hayes of Surrey, and the famous Richard Daft came back in his old age and played for Nottingham as an amateur. Cricket is a team game, and because a man plays better for having once been a professional he does not thereby deprive any amateur of a prize. Golf is a game of individual competition, and therefore as regards championships the gulf once crossed remains fixed for ever. It must be as impassable as that between a Lord Chancellor and a barrister which Lord Finlay lamented the other day that he could not recross. As far as the membership of golf clubs is concerned, however, the problem will surely arise and have to be tackled. Venerable champions, their pockets full of gold, will some day retire, and many golfers would be proud to have them as fellow members. Nor would anyone, I fancy, greatly complain if, owing eight or ten strokes, they won a monthly Bogey competition.

BERNARD DARWIN.

DESIGNS FOR TAPESTRIES AT MESSRS. AGNEW'S

IN an age when there has grown up a strong perception, not merely of the æsthetic charm, but also of the ethical wholesomeness of the finer handicrafts as practised among us of old, it is a reproach that what is perhaps the most beautiful, if also the most difficult of them all, should have become non-existent in this country. In both mediæval and Renaissance times the production of tapestries employed the inspired pencil of great artists and the deft shuttle of skilled weavers. Throughout civilised Europe church and hall owed some of their principal decorative effects to the loom. Here in England not only was that the case, but still, in Royal palace and in modest manor house, every remaining example dating from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century is treasured as an object of satisfying beauty and of exceeding value. If Flanders and France took the premier places in this splendid output, England also produced well and worthily.

Why should there not be continuity? Efforts were made to that end in the nineteenth century, but the soil was then unfertilised for such a crop. Has it not now been enriched and cultivated? Surely we have now again reached a stage when labour, and especially that labour which employs at once head, hand and heart, is honoured and enjoyed; when it may be directed into channels and given a form which shall interest and entice the worker; when it shall yield a product valued and admired by the acquirer as embodying the best mental and bodily effort of those whose united action has created it. To bring these favourable conditions into activity within the domain of tapestry weaving is one of the objects of the War Memorials Tapestry Guild; but the first words of its title indicate another object which was set forth in a leaflet issued some time ago.

"The object is to train and employ disabled soldiers with artistic instincts to weave tapestries in the manner of the finest of those surviving from the past, but specially designed to serve as records and memorials of the Great War."

Much spade work, especially through the untiring efforts of Sir George Frampton, R.A., has been effectively performed towards this end. Tapestries have been definitely ordered by Lord Glencomer, Mr. J. B. Lee and Mr. Harry Henderson, and the actual starting of the industry is alone awaited by others before finally crystallising their requirements, among which is a set of tapestries that will cost some £18,000 to produce.

After considerable negotiation with the Government Departments and the London County Council, the latter have opened a training school at the Central School of Arts and Crafts.

Lord Sackville has very kindly offered the apt building known as the King's Stables, and occupying one of the sides of the outer quadrangle at Knole, for conversion into effective workshops. Knole—than which no great English country house combines more universally varied architectural beauty, teeming historical tradition, and profusion of art treasures, including splendid sets of tapestry—will prove an infinitely inspiring and congenial *locale* for the successful revival of this choice handicraft.

But before the weaver can weave he must have his subject. To equip Mortlake in the seventeenth century the Raphael Cartoons were acquired, among other designs that exemplified in high degree the thought and demand of the day. We need the same—not a mere copying or reproduction of the past, but a true embodiment of our own present ideals and actions. These have been, and still are, swayed and dominated by the fierce struggle, the arresting tragedy, the fundamental upheaval occasioned by the Great War and perpetuated by its illimitable aftermath, so that words I used to suggest the scope of tapestry designs while the war was still in progress are equally applicable to-day when it is in abeyance, and, let us hope, for ever at an end. "While subject to the spirit and rules of true decorative art, the new tapestries must not shun their own age. They must show what modern war is, at once horrible and sublime. They must reveal our heroes as they are, their souls as well as their bodies. They must transmit to the future a picture of the whole nation as it strives—each one in his own way, yet unitedly—to achieve victory for its principles and its ideals by the methods and with the engines of to-day. Designing artist and weaving craftsman must strain their powers to show forth all of this, and yet attain the beautiful as did their brethren of old."

The first gallant effort to reach this difficult height has been made. The result may now be seen on the walls of Messrs. Agnew's galleries. Mr. Charles Sims, R.A., has spared no pains to arouse the interest and fire the imagination of his fellow artists to a production, new to them perhaps, but worthy of their best endeavour. Thus he gives us not only his own fine conception of what a tapestry subject should be, but has gathered together the work of those of our artists in whom the decorative instinct is strongest. It says much for the strength of the movement that so many have given time and attention to what is at present a purely honorary task. It is sincerely to be hoped that some of the cartoons now exhibited may in due course be translated into the intended medium.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY AND TOWN PLANNING

BY PROFESSOR PATRICK ABERCROMBIE.

THE photographs shown at the First Exhibition of the Royal Air Force were of definite war scenes, amazingly vivid and much more intimate than any we have been permitted to see before.

But occasionally the airman, fascinated by what he flew over, has given us pictures which, rather than remind us of the fighting, make us think of the future—the future of our towns. A few such pictures had been taken before the war, but the enormous advances made by the photographers of the R.A.F. have opened up a new means of illustrating the beauties and showing the defects of our cities.

Geographers and architects have often complained that the public is unable to grasp the full meaning of a map or to read a plan; but it is questionable whether the public is altogether to blame. Show a man a photograph of a relief model of England or a properly rendered and shaded plan of a town or a building, and at once he realises what it means. One result of these aerial photographs should be to make it impossible to impose on the public the dry, arid diagrams of the past; technicians will have to make their drawings readable at a glance, and these photographs will teach them how to do so.

Whether the frequent use of air travelling will make us more particular about the tidiness of our roofs is another matter. Judging from railways and the practice of greeting the visitor to a town with intimate glimpses into backyards, we shall not make any attempt to give the National Gallery as beautiful a roof as it has façade to Trafalgar Square. But public and expert town planners alike will have brought home to them from their detached aerial view-point defects which, dimly and resentfully, they had butted their heads against in the too thickly treed wood of the city's streets.

What, for example, could be more valuable for propaganda purposes than the comparison of the sublime purity of the

air above St. Peter's and the obscuring murk over Cromer, which latter might quite tolerably have passed muster as a picture of Hun outrage! The photograph is, however, a simple and effective indictment of the domestic coal fire. The amount of energy and heat that must be running to waste—the numbers of separate fires blazing away on a summer's morning all for the purpose of frying the breakfast rasher—make one wish that the Coal Conservation Committee had seen fit to illustrate their Report by aerial photographs. If all this cooking could have been done by electricity—think of the building cost saved by the omission of all those flues at £10 each (pre-war cost); compare the absence of chimneys in Rome, where the charcoal brazier and a warm climate have almost produced the result that electricity aims to do with us; think of the dirt and smuts which Cromer would have escaped; and finally remember that Cromer is considered a clean, pure-aired health resort and not a north country manufacturing town. In a word, this airman's picture is more eloquent than the most persuasive pamphlet issued by the Smoke Abatement Society.

Then there is the topographical value of these vivid views. One would like to see London and other towns systematically photographed section by section (which can be done now with ease and swiftness), and these explanatory views hung up in tube stations, post offices and similar places, together with key diagrams giving the names of streets and buildings. Londoners would get to know their own town better, strangers would be more able to find their way about, and there would be a general quickening of the sense of locality. The town planner especially would be saved incalculable labour involved in enriching ordnance maps with notes and sketches. The nature and quality of property—decayed areas and sound buildings—are at once revealed by these photographs, and, above all, that wide grasp of the town as a whole and living entity, so necessary as a



Photograph by

TRAFALGAR SQUARE FROM THE AIR.

the R.A.F.



SMOKE CLOUDS ABOVE CROMER.

corrective of peddling local tinkering and piecemeal planning, is encouraged by this survey from a watch-tower in the skies.

These are some of the practical uses of aerial photography in towns, and it is not difficult to parallel them with similar uses in the country. But their purely artistic value is scarcely less important. It is only by means of a view such as this one that the real composition of St. Peter's is apparent. Through the unfortunate alterations to Bramante's and Michel Angelo's noble design the dome is hardly seen in conjunction with colonnades that enfold the Piazza. Now at last something of the effect originally aimed at may be grasped. The roof of the nave which is never visible and

must have seen it in his mind's eye. There are many great buildings which should be photographed in this way in order that their full architectural qualities may be appreciated.

Of course, there is a subtle snare to the architect and town planner about all this. He has been too prone to produce pattern designs on paper which could *only* be realised from an aeroplane. However usual flying as a means of locomotion becomes, the view-point of the man in the street is likely to remain the test for the successful grouping of a building or the lay out of a town or garden. Only occasionally, when it is possible to look down from some hill on a level plain, should

the two smaller domes now fall into their right places, and we are left wondering why the great axial approach from the Tiber was never carried out. Again, the unwieldy sprawling bulk of the Vatican is here laid bare before our eyes, with that long, narrow courtyard of the Belvedere round whose galleries we have wandered without in the least knowing where we were.

But it is not only a muddled composition which the aeroplane can unravel. The Houses of Parliament, fine as they appear from the river, have never been seen to better advantage than in this view. The whole design, with its symmetrical front to the Thames and its irregular grouping of the two great towers, is here revealed as Pugin

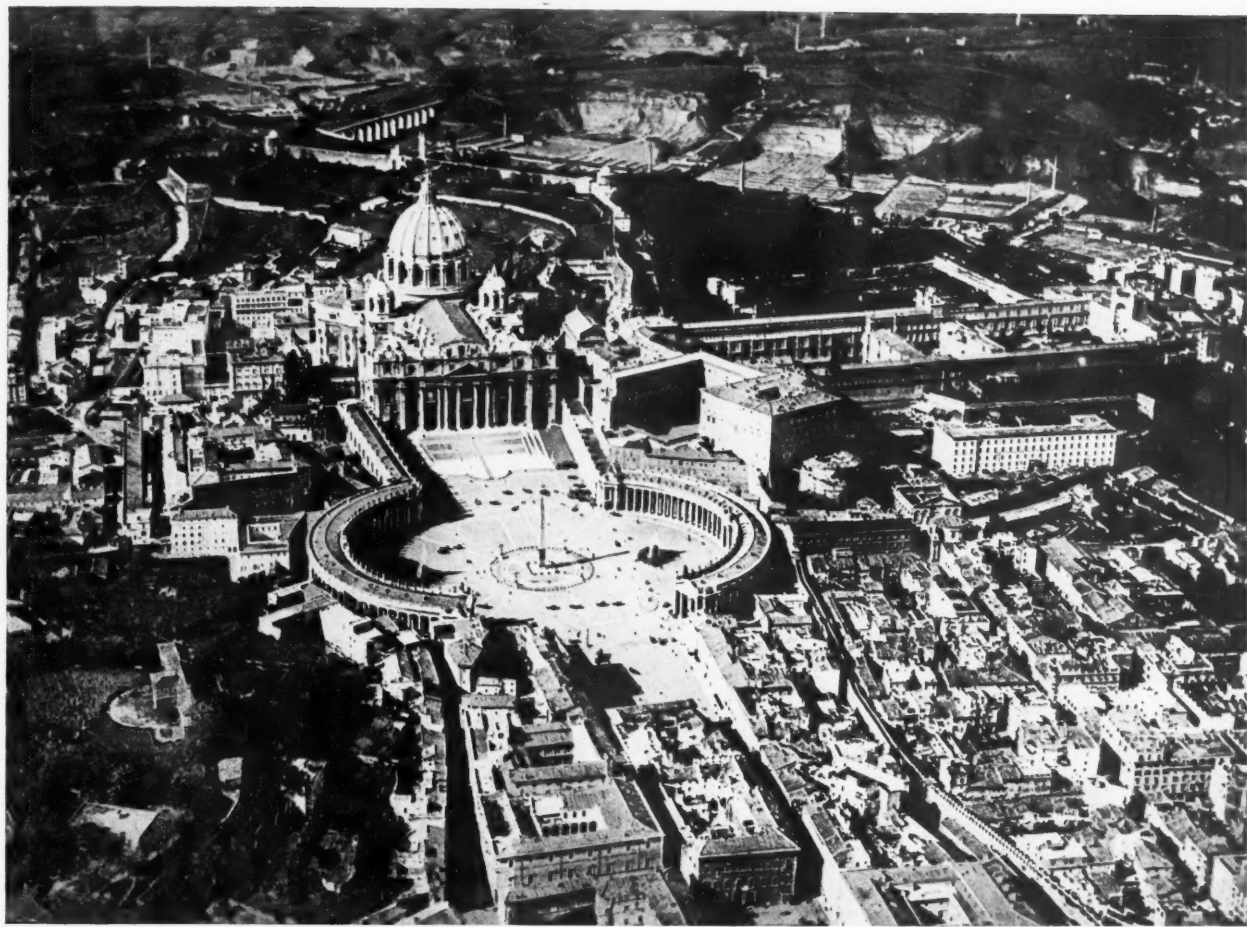
a plan be indulged in whose pattern may not be apparent to anyone walking in the midst of it. It is well to remember some of the fatal mistakes that have been made through neglecting the man in the street. One famous view in Vienna, looking from the Imperial Museums towards the Grecian Parliament Building, with the Town Hall in the background, is never seen by the visitor in reality. The composition was right on paper and could be admirably seen from an aeroplane. But on the ground all is lost through a miscalculation of the height of the human eye and the blocking of views by injudicious planting.

It is particularly necessary to sound this warning when so many housing schemes are being prepared, and there is danger



Photographs by

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT SHOW TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE FROM THE AIR. *the R.A.F.*



Photograph by FROM THE AIR THE REAL COMPOSITION OF ST. PETER'S, ROME, IS APPARENT. the R.A.F.

of many site plans being drawn which make pretty patterns on paper, but which will be ineffective to the people living in them. There is no object, for instance, in making one wing of a scheme exactly repeat the design of another some quarter of a mile away. The right thing to aim at is a plan which will produce a satisfactory effect as one walks about the estate, and which, when seen from an aeroplane, will show in its main lines a logical arrangement without relying on a hard symmetry.

Whenever artistic planning is discussed it is always necessary to mention, sooner or later, Paris. It is here that just this balance between the aerial view and

man-in-the-street view is attained. Before the war some balloon photographs were published; there are probably now much better aeroplane views. One is startled by the clear-cut planning and the even-height blocks of buildings—quite different to the jumble of irregular streets and buildings to the right of St. Peter's Piazza. But the more restricted views are equally effective from the ground.

Viewed rightly, then, this aerial photography of town and country should be of the greatest utility to the expert and enlightenment to the public; and it is to be hoped that the great talent which has been evolved for this purpose during the war will not be lost in peace.

NAVAL WAR MEDALS IN THE COLLECTION OF LORD MILFORD HAVEN

Illustrated from reproductions made on his flagship "Drake."

A FIELD of historical research in which there are very few workers is that of naval medals, and I do not think I am wronging the hard working officials at the British Museum if I say that even they have by no means exhausted the possibilities of this aspect of numismatics.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that the general run of students, and more particularly the world at large, is all but ignorant of anything but the barest rudiments of knowledge in this field. This is to be regretted, both on artistic and on historical grounds.

It must be remembered that, though official war medals date only from the early Victorian era, we possess many privately issued specimens even from pre-Armada times. Most of them are rare, some of them are not to be found in English collections at all, and it is to the indefatigable researches of Lord Milford Haven that we owe the greater part of our knowledge of the medals that commemorate our forefathers' prowess at sea.

The distinction between official (and modern) war medals and the infinitely more interesting commemorative medals of earlier times must be clearly borne in mind by any one starting to study the subject, more particularly

because the general tendency to-day is to think of the official medals as being the only ones that really matter. The exact converse is the case. The official war medal is to all intents and purposes nothing more than a token of one man's particular services. The only interesting fact, really, about the first of the war medals is that it was struck eleven years after Queen Victoria came to the throne and was for presentation to those who had taken part in the war of 1793 in the reign of George III! an example of belated honour that would be hard to beat. This medal introduced the custom of clasps for individual actions in the campaign, and since the Napoleonic wars at sea lasted twenty-two years, it was to be expected that the clasps to the medal would be numerous. A committee of admirals was appointed to examine the claims of each action for a clasp, and in the end they awarded 230 after taking three years to examine the evidence. I do not know that there is in existence a complete set of the clasps: the nearest approach within my knowledge was a collection of about one hundred with the medal which was loaned to the great Royal Naval Exhibition at Chelsea in 1891. From the medallic history point of view the most interesting thing about the medal was its ribbon, white with dark blue edges, which was

directly copied from a personal commemorative medal presented by George III in 1794 to flag officers and captains for successful fleet actions. Its institution was due to the Battle of the Glorious First of June, Lord Howe's long drawn out running fight with Villaret-Joyeuse's fleet from Brest. This medal was worn attached to the blue and white ribbon round the neck by admirals (Howe and his admirals, however, wore it on a gold chain, the special gift of the King), while captains wore a smaller copy of it from the buttonhole of the lapel of the coat. This custom continued until 1815, when the Military Division of the Order of the Bath was instituted, and thereafter the K.C.B. took the place of the large gold medal and the C.B. that of the small. This type of medal is not uncommon in collections, as it was presented for practically all the fleet and frigate actions of the Napoleonic wars, and they were fairly numerous.

It is among the privately struck medals that we find the most interesting examples of medallic art. I am concerned at the moment only with British commemorative pieces, but it is well to point out that the Italian tradition in regard to numismatics is as strong in this branch as elsewhere, and that Genoa and Venice led the way with their



Naval halfpenny token of Nelson, 1812.



Satirical medal. Admiral Mathew's action off Toulon, 1743-4.

medal was worth £300. One example of these four is in the possession of Wadham College, Oxford, and another presented to the captain of one of the Commonwealth ships is in the same collection. None of Blake's personal medals is known to exist, but there were three copies of them at Chelsea.

A very interesting medal is the one known as "The Dominion of the Sea." It was first issued by Charles I in 1630, and it was re-issued in 1639 at the time of the Spanish imbroglio. Charles II also had a similar medal issued in 1665, a little before his first naval reward. A third medal of this year was a personal one for the Duke of York, and the same design was used by the Duke as James II for a medal which he issued as a reward for services in the Monmouth and Argyll rebellion.

I am not able here to trace the whole of our medallic output, but there are one or two interesting side lines that may usefully be recorded. One is the issue of medals for the Lord High Admiral. We have no specimen in England of the first of these, which represents Richard Earl of Warwick, who was appointed to the post in 1642; but there is a cast and chased medallion of him in the Ducal Collection at Gotha which Lord Milford Haven considers in all probability unique. Queen Anne issued one for her husband, who held the office



Admiral Lord Howe's victory, June 1st, 1794.



Admiral Lord Anson's victory off Cape Finisterre, 1747.

medals for the battle of Lepanto in 1571. About fifteen years later Drake had a medal made for himself in the Netherlands as a record of his voyage round the world. It was a thin silver disc delicately engraved by hand, the world's hemispheres being represented on the two sides with a track to show his path. It is not known how many of the medals were made. Lord Milford Haven's researches have so far brought to light only five examples, one of which is preserved at Nutwell Court, the Drake family seat. No example of it was included in the 1891 exhibition, but there were several of the Armada medals there. These, again, were mainly struck in the Netherlands, but two specially struck by order of Elizabeth were of English origin, though the names of the artists are unknown.

The sea wars of the seventeenth century produced a very interesting series of commemorative pieces and also the first of the naval rewards. These were gold medals, the work of Thomas Simon, produced to the order of the Commonwealth Government for victories over the Dutch in 1653. There were gold medals in three classes, one for flag officers, one for captains, and one for officers of lower rank, to be worn round the neck on gold chains. Blake, Monck, Penn and Lawson each received a flag officer's medal, and the chain for Blake's

for a few years, and there were two issued for the Duke of Clarence, who was Lord High Admiral from May, 1827, to August, 1828. One of these shows the bust of the Duke, and on the reverse a full-length figure of Britannia with the motto,

Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep.

Then we have, too, the ironic medals, such as the bronze specimen representing Admiral Byng receiving a

bag of money with the legend "Was Minorca sold by B. for French gold?"—referring, of course, to the unfortunate Admiral's failure to protect Minorca in 1758. On the other side of the medal there is the couplet "Brave Blakeney reward, but to B give a cord." The insinuation of bribery against Byng was never borne out by any evidence, but it is a sign of the popular feeling of the time. There are many other satirical medals of the same sort. And, lastly, there are the innumerable tokens, halfpenny and farthing, commemorating victories, and general patriotic sentiments. These in themselves form a special branch of study, and many of them are of considerable value as indices of the trend of public thought in their time. H. C. FERRABY.



Admiral Sir Edward Hawke's victory in Quiberon Bay, 1759.



Duke of York's victory off Lowestoft, June 3rd, 1665.